

THE HOME:

A Monthly for the Wife, the Mother, the Sister, and the Daughter.

VOL. VI.—OCTOBER, 1858.—NO. IV.

MABEL ANTHON'S CONVALESCENCE—MENTAL AND PHYSICAL.

BY MRS. C. H. GILDERSLEEVE.

"Whoever, with an earnest soul,
Strives for some end from this low world afar?
Still upward travels, though he miss the goal,
And strays—but toward a star!"

"Life went a maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young."

JUST receding backward from the shores of the Dark River—just planting a firmer foot upon the olden path of life, how the world brightens! When the turbid waters rippled and gurgled hoarsely, and the light through the gates of the Golden City gleamed but faintly across—limning no pathway, no passage over, only revealing dimly a beautiful land our shallop might never gain, how gladly we see the swift waves recede and the bloom of health upspringing again. How the stars that stood still in their whiteness, dance goldenly in the deeper blue, and the brightening petals and quivering leaves stand a-tip-toe to welcome returning health.

How like to the thoughts of sweet Maud Muler, were those of Mabel Anthon, as the pulses quickened in her veins! How thrillingly precious life had become to her, who, but a little time before, had no clear, womanly dreams—no winged hopes to lift the heavy burden off her spirit, or point white fingers to the bright spots this side the changeless Hereafter—no coming joys which are revealed only to the glad heart.

But now—now! There was no Lethe between the now and then, but an uprolling of a glorious partition through which Mabel Anthon's soul saw only the pathway over which God's loving hand had led her, though

she had grasped it blindly through the darkness of despair—through the blindness of the world's condemnation.

Mabel was the darling first-born of one on whom fortune bestowed no gold; but the spirit of all good rested and abided with him, because in the Book of Life he was recorded with the "pure in heart." A little cottage, a little land, and industry unending, was the catalogue of his possessions, if we except two lovely daughters and a flower-covered grave which held no hope, received no tear, for in his simple, earnest faith he knew that his beloved had risen into the morning light which fadeth never, and that she was only waiting while he lingered a little with their darlings.

Mabel Anthon, unlike her father, thirsted for the bitter fruit from the tree of Good and Evil. She longed for the wisdom of the world—that knowledge, which, when stintedly given, only corrodes the heart, and when too freely bestowed, turns it to stone. Worldly wisdom is a basilisk, but the revealings of the spirit are like the dews of heaven.

How she grasped at every book and clutched at every shred of learning, till she was a marvel to the simple people who surrounded her. Her enthusiasm, her wonderful thoughts incomprehensible to them, her dreams of ambition, her heroism of endurance when the weak claimed her care, were alike subjects alternately of pride and dislike to her companions.

When her younger sister, darling

Gracie Anthon, grew out of her helplessness, Mabel remembered all the wonderful heroines of her book-world, and left her tearful father and sorrowing sister in the cottage, and breathed into her pure heart the breaths of the denizens of walled cities.

Her hands, rounded and dimpled with strength and young life, were always brown with labor; but they whitened and softened now, that there was no sun to kiss them, and her brow almost wore an aura of light, so fair it seemed above her flashing eyes. How proud her teachers were of their pupil! How she doled out to her necessities the scanty sum — the life-time hoardings of her father, that she might drink longer at the fount of knowledge. But the small supply, though hoarded so miserly, was gone at last, when her school-days were fairest; when ambition surged through her spirit; when a distaste of her simple life was too strong for endurance, and she was ready to seize upon almost any alternative, rather than relinquish her darling pursuits.

In her sorest need the tempter came. Wise and beautiful as Lucifer he was, and he held to her lip that honeyed cup of which so many have drank and found bitterness in its dregs. Young, innocent, and lovely! Was it strange that she should take the chalice of delusion, and drinking deeply, fall as other angels have done? That beautiful creed — that Dead Sea fruit of wicked invention called spiritualism crept into her heart, and she became one of its brightest stars, and shone out upon the poor believers like an evangel. Her enthusiasm, her unwavering belief led her on, and the baser satellites of that horrible faith led her where they would. The veil was lifted from her soul, and how soon the shadow fell! How soon the blackness of darkness came down upon her, and flapped its black wing over her poor, young soul!

The awakening came too late, and

she fled far away, even from the knowledge of that pure, young sister and that waiting father — fled away among unpitying strangers, and hid herself from human sympathy — from hope and love, and welcomed death "as best to have." She felt that to such as herself,

"It is best when it happens
To die before one's time."

But the silver cord would not loose itself, the golden bowl would not break, and the memory of the dear old home and its saintly teachings staid her own hand from the dreadful deed, and she lived on, hopeless, despairing. She could not find the Father to whom her childish prayers were said; she had lost her grasp of faith, and she groped on, away from God's sweet forgiveness.

Years sped on, and still woman's eyes were ever averted when she passed, and no hand was outstretched to draw her back to the home of holy womanhood; but the door of every heart had shut her out forever. She loathed the pathway that had led her amid the dark mazes of fanaticism — that had shown her to the world as the exponent of a false and soul-poisoning delusion; and alone endured existence, rather than lived in this beautiful world of ours. To the poor like herself, she was an angel of mercy; but no one, save those who felt her cool hand upon their fevered brows, acknowledged her goodness; and none, save those who had been led from the evil way by her earnest entreaty, felt the power of her olden self dwelling in an earthly wreck. Better far, that the loved ones at home should live in suspense of her fate, than know the evil she had wrought.

Day after day she drudged with her little hands, now brown again with less welcome labor than when she sang, and hoped, and dreamed by the cottage fireside. Sufficient for her that she gained bread for herself, and mayhap, for a few starving. She learned to

"Work for some good, be it ever so slowly;
Cherish some flower, be it ever so lowly;
Labor — all labor is noble and holy."

Let us leave Mabel Anthon and her penitence, and watch a slowly-floating ship upon Hampton Roads. The sails hang quietly in the sultriness, and scarce a footfall disturbs the silence of her decks. The sailors with their arms about their knees, and heads drooping sadly, scarce care that they are nearing home. They can not seek their dear ones, for the fever taint is upon them, and the grim monster has borne to the fathomless grave many of their companions, who with them were wildly jubilant when the ship's brow was turned homeward.

The land is reached, and the sick of the plague fever borne to their place of reception. Days glide on — still hot days, with no breeze or breath to bear the contagion, yet it stalks on and outward upon the doomed city. Houses are desolated, friend deserts friend, the children flee from the mother, and the mother — oh, horror! leaves her child. Few of earth's heroes who were crowned with the laurel or bay — few of those whom the world lauds watch by the dying — but the poor, the blessed of heaven, the meek of spirit, of whom few ever heard, look death in the face, and defy him — clutch his victims, and hold them stoutly by ministrations of heroic care, and drive the destroyer backward to the land of shadows.

A few heroes left their homes and their loves, and watched over the fever's victims. Godly men they were, in whom humanity throbbed strong, and whose whole life was devoted to the relief of disease, went bravely forth and faced this monster. Women there were, strong in nothing but pity and love, whose endurance saved many a precious form from the grave, and the restored knew not to whom, save God, they owed their lives. Such heroes crave no praise and seek no compensation.

There was one physician who was found wherever the contagion seemed

most malignant — wherever sickness and poverty had both laid their iron grasp, and he seemed to the sufferers like a very angel of hope and mercy. When the death damp had already gathered, his full, deep tones were heard commending them to the great Physician who can cure the soul of its fearful sickness.

Every day, by some scantily-furnished bed, he found a vision of beauty — a marvel of almost superhuman loveliness. She was never at the bed-side of the rich, never where there were other hands to minister to the dying — only by the utterly wretched. Her tones so low, so sweet, as if keyed to some great sorrow, or rising from some buried grief down in her own heart, roused the dying from the stupor of death to bless her, and they bore her look of beauty to the gates of heaven, whence her prayers had winged them, for by the dying, Mabel Anthon learned to pray.

To a young man — to an enthusiastic worshiper at the shrine of human nobleness, this fair, young woman seemed a wonder of unselfishness — a purified spirit in a mortal form of unworldly beauty. He did not see that her drapery was coarse, that her fingers were labor-stained, for the glory of her deeds tinged her garments and radiated over her face.

She called herself Magdalene, and Dr. Hadley knew not her history or name; but even there, when thoughts of earthly passions or human hopes were almost banished by the destroyer, love grew stronger than the monster; for it was that love that knows no life, no death, — it only feels itself a part of immortality. Side by side, with no word of human hope spoken, they toiled on. Eyes were closed, hands were folded to rest where there is no more weariness, and where want comes not — helpless childhood, orphaned of love and care, provided with homes and protection, the dead buried, and the living cheered and bettered by their counsels.

Was not this enough to know of each other? Dr. Hadley thought so, but Mabel Anthon was too much a true woman to walk side by side with a man whose eyes were to be glazed by the dividing line of past and present, and reveal nothing to one who could and would tell all of his life to her, and keep back nothing.

When the grim epidemic was sated, and there was no more for them to do, Dr. Hadley asked Magdalene to be his wife. She told him *no*, even though her heart was yearning with a first, deep love — with a heart grown strong by endurance, and purified by self-abnegation.

Of all earthly trials, this was the greatest; yet she conquered, for she felt it to be the chastening rod of the Good Father. She would return to the little cottage and live for the dear old father, the sweet sister she had left.

It was a bitter parting — a fearful struggle for the poor girl, but her determination was unshaken, and they looked into each others eyes, grasped each others hand, and distance separated them, each thought forever.

What a meeting between the gray-haired old man and the world-weary child of his only love! Tears were Mabel's only confession, tears her only pardon; but they, the child and father, sat long after the stars came out, under the old doorway, uttering not a word. Hands clasped close together, and thoughts wandering away among the glorified, the old man spoke at last.

"Mabel, lovest thou Him who died for us all? Thinkest thou we four — four, Mabel, will stand with hands clasped like this, close by the great, white throne?"

"Father, I do," said the girl firmly; and then he kissed her as he did when she was a little child, and asked no questions.

The morning found her wild in a raging fever.

The poor old man could scarcely submit to lose so soon the child he had but now found. He could not

bear to weep again as he had in the long months, even years of her absence.

Poor he was, but all, even his little home, his father's house, would he give, if one skilled in the fearful disease, would come to his child. He watched during the early morning, and then calling a great-hearted neighbor, sent him to the nearest city for a man whose experience exceeded that of the good old doctor who relieved the common ails of the country folks.

Ere the noon-day sun had left high heaven, the strange physician came. The palor that came over his face as he gazed upon his patient, was a manifestation of hopelessness to the poor old father; but when the doctor, ever so thoughtful for others suffering, saw the quivering lip of Mabel's father, he exclaimed, "She shall *live*! She *shall* live for both our sakes."

How they two watched over her — how they two prayed for her, till the health throb came back again, can only be realized by those who have seen the light of their very life flickering, when to have it go out, would be worse than death to the living.

She opened her eyes at last, and when Dr. Hadley saw the quiver of pain pass over her face, as she knew the bitter struggle of parting would come again, he stooped his noble head down to her ear, and whispered, "God sent me, Mabel Anthon. Dare *you* refuse me a place by your side? I know your history, now that I know your name."

"Mercy, Dr. Hadley! mercy for the love of God!" whispered the feeble girl.

"I told you the Good Father sent me, Mabel Anthon, and I shall never leave you for long. If He forgives and loves us, may I not forgive and love you?"

The girl reasoned, for now she saw her pathway down through the gloomy future close by his side, and a great hope sprung up from her deep repentance.

The past, with its errors and tears, were but the shades to her present glorious happiness. The old man's locks gleamed whiter, his smile more radiant, as he ministered to his child; and the young sister watched the coming tint of health beside the cottage door.

There are many paths for the returning wanderer if she will choose them, and she will find there is no joy so exquisite as that of the mental or physical convalescent.

TALKING ABOUT YOUR NEIGHBORS.

BY KALIMELLE.

"MRS. Martin expects some young ladies to tea on Wednesday, and would like to have Miss Gertrude and Miss Ellen come."

The little boy who repeated these words in a very orderly and methodical manner, was speaking to Miss Gertrude, as she had seen him coming to the door, and so went to it herself.

Now, every lady will readily understand why she did; but the gentlemen who read "THE HOME," shall be told that she knew it was an invitation. How? Why, she saw the boy as he came through the gate; she knew he lived at Mrs. Martin's; Mrs. Martin herself had told her but two days before, that she expected a niece from Vermont to spend the summer; and, moreover, the 'bus passed the previous day and stopped at her door. One must be dull who could not "put this and that together," which Miss Gertrude was not, by any means; so she *knew* it was an invitation to something; and, as Jane was infallible as to messages, except in the two items of time and place, which organs seemed to be entirely wanting in her "phrenological developments," Miss Gertrude answered the ring herself.

"Day after to-morrow! I have no engagement. Wait a moment—I

will see Ellen." She turned and entered the sitting-room, where her sister was practicing a new piece of music. "What are you going to do Wednesday?" inquired Gertrude.

"Three—four—I do n't know,—why?" responded Ellen, in excellent time.

"Mrs. Martin has sent for us to take tea with her."

Ellen smiled, and bowed acquiescence.

"I'll tell the boy we will come?"

Ellen bowed again.

Gertrude soon returned, and resumed her seat on a low ottoman by the window. On a small table near her, lay a light, thin, smooth board about two feet square, with a little furrow or trough on one edge, in which lay half a dozen pencils, a pen-knife, two or three crayons, a thimble, a hair-pin, a little spool of pink sewing silk—very much soiled with black lead—with a bent needle sticking obliquely through the threads, and in one corner a three-cent piece. This board was not a new variety of work-box; it was an easel. Miss Gertrude could draw very beautifully, and, furthermore, she liked the employment; but with the usual perverseness of a genius, she would always hold her entire paraphernalia in her lap, utterly ignoring the use of desk or table, as well as setting at nought a large amount of advice and remonstrance, that she had better use a desk, and that she would certainly become round-shouldered from stooping over her lap. She had coaxed a good-natured carpenter to execute the above described board from a design of her own, and she felicitated herself every time she used it, on account of its convenience; though she admitted it had one imperfection. As the trough was only on one side, her pencils were apt to roll off by any unguarded movement, such as Miss Gertrude was very likely to make. This defect was to be remedied whenever she could get another made.

After sitting down, and looking

intently from the window a few moments, she took up the board on which lay a sheet of Bristol board, and a delicate oval shaped engraving, purporting to represent a "Scene on the Rhine," consisting, as usual, of a river in front, with a very much broken-down castle on the top of an entirely inaccessible mountain in the back ground, and a succession of the same kind of castles on similar hills vanishing in the distance. She commenced sketching it rapidly and lightly.

Ellen made no rest in her march, only where Rossini had indicated one, and then only of the prescribed length, for nearly an hour. She then rose from her seat, and closing the piano, came, and kneeling on the floor beside her sister, looked over her shoulder.

After a few moments, Gertrude said, "How do you like it?"

"The sketch, or the invitation?" said Ellen.

"The invitation," replied Gertrude, all the while speaking in an absent and pre-occupied tone.

"Very well. We shall stay the evening, of course. Mrs. Martin always expects her tea-parties to stay."

Mrs. Martin had the faculty of giving such *recherché* afternoon reunions; and a more delightful way of spending the long, sunny twilight, when the sun did not set until nearly eight, than in Mrs. Martin's locust-shaded yard, with the swing, or graces and battledores, can not well be imagined. Ellen thought so, and repeated, "Oh, yes! it will be delightful," and then added, "I wonder what her niece is like?"

At this moment the door opened, and aunt Lillias entered; though really only the aunt of Mrs. Stanley, the young ladies' mother. She was a kind of aunt in general to the whole neighborhood indiscriminately. She was about forty, rotund and merry; fond of a hearty laugh and a strong cup of tea; and possessing a disposition so genial, and a heart so warm,

that though she laughed at you for some ridiculous mishap, and then convulsed the whole family at the breakfast-table with a ludicrous narration of it, or told you that your pet coat looked as though it had a cramp in the back, or that your new bonnet made every little spot on your face look like bronze buttons, you could not help laughing too. And the very minute a joy or a trouble crossed your "line of life," who but aunt Lillias could advise or give consolation? Who but she could dispel tears and evoke smiles, or temper extravagant joy with thoughtful remembrance? Ah! aunt Lillias was a treasure. There could nothing laughable happen in the whole village but she was sure to hear it, and tell it too. She knew all, how Frank lost his way coming from Deacon Elliott's very early Monday morning. How she did, Frank could not imagine; "But she told the girls, confound her," Frank said, "and they came running after me when I started for church the next Sunday evening, one with a lantern, and the other with a biscuit and a piece of cheese, for fear I should get lost and starve; confound her!" and Frank looked very much as though he felt himself trifled with. And then, when two weeks from that memorable foggy night, gentle Mary Elliott placed her hand in his, and did not answer a word to his rapid speech, who but aunt Lillias (was first) told his triumph; and how closely she held his hands, and with a tearful kiss how earnestly she said, "God bless you!"

Aunt Lillias had a most rare and deep-rooted antipathy to any thing in the shape of scandal, and, as we shall see, even its modified form, "talking about your neighbors," was intolerable.

"What is so delightful?" said aunt Lillias.

"We are going to Mrs. Martin's."

"Indeed! You will go there and tell the most unaccountable things to her niece about every one who does not happen to be there."

"Oh! no, we won't, aunt," interrupted Ellen. Gertrude went on making a tree as rapid as an Indian juggler; while Ellen continued, "I do not mean to speak a word about any one while I am gone."

"Yes," said aunt Lillias, "you must say something good of people."

"Or something funny," remarked Gertrude.

Ellen laughed.

"Go on with your drawing, Gertrude. And now, girls, if I hear such another amount of stuff—just stuff as you had to relate when you came from Mrs. May's last week, I don't know but you will have to be shut up and have a dose of cordials." Mrs. Stanley came in, and aunt Lillias continued, addressing her, "Now, these young ladies are going to Mrs. Martin's, and they will come back with an account of what every one has done and has not done, and has got, or not got, and then what every one is going to do; or rather, what old Mrs. Kaplott thinks on all these heads, with a personal application to each one in the community."

"Why, aunt," said Ellen, "we can't help it. She will talk, and we have to be sociable."

"Ah! yes, you can," and aunt shook her finger at her. "You know you love to tell what you may have seen or heard, if it will help the old lady in her surmises. And she likes to talk with you, for she sees you do not dislike to tell 'news.'"

"What shall we talk of?" said Ellen.

"Do not ask such a question as that."

"Well, aunt, we may tell the old lady of all who are sick or getting well," said Ellen. Mr. Stanley was the principal village physician. "I'll remember to ask father at dinner Wednesday, so as to have the very latest report. A sanitary report, aunt, that is not gossip. Mrs. Kaplott always asks that the first thing. 'She has so much sympathy,' she says. She never can rest when she

hears any one is sick. She does so want to know if they have any thing kind o' comfortable. When Mr. Himbert's boy was sick, she said, 'I do believe that child was half starved. They would make a little porridge, and that was all the poor thing would have week in and week out.' She does not know that they ever tried to get any little nicety for him at all; if they had, she knows she would have heard of it. And all the while there was their Maria fixing her silk dresses, and having new bonnets—that girl has had three new bonnets since January. Then, another thing, which gives her a great amount of anxiety, is gruel; she does not think there are more than two people in the whole village of Greenville who know how to make gruel as it ought to be."

"I expect mother is one of the two, and she the other," said Gertrude.

Ellen continued, "Such slop as some people make! It puts her out of all manner of patience. There are some folks—"

"Why, Ellen!" exclaimed aunt Lillias; "you are a natural gossip. How you are talking about Mrs. Kaplott!"

"So I am," said Ellen, slowly; "but then, how can one help it? I do not try to remember it, but it is all in a string; when I begin, it all follows. If I was only like you, aunty—you never think unpleasant things of others. You can form no idea of what a temptation 'tis. Such a chance for the display of imagination in telling a new gossipation!"

"There is no such word as 'gossipation,'" said Gertrude.

"May be there did not use to be," returned Ellen, "but there is now, I've just made it."

Aunt Lillias did not seem to hear any thing Ellen said since she interrupted her. She was looking back more than twenty years, when she was a fun-loving girl like those before her. At length, preparing to leave the room, she said, "Girls, I will

tell you a story after tea, if you will come to my room."

"Oh! thank you, aunty; we will come. Will it be true?" said Gertrude.

"Yes, all true," and if I had ever known aunt Lillias to sigh, I should have thought she sighed then.

Aunt Lillias' room was not very large, but very easy. One large window opened in the west; and there she often sat—strange as it may seem, she was so matter of fact and practical—and really spent many a long twilight, not exactly in castle-building, but in roaming from one turret to another in old ones built years before. "*Chateaux d'Espagne*" are not the transient phantoms which the practical people who attempt to describe them represent. Not a bit. One can visit them over and over again, and any alteration or correction can be effected "as quick as thought." Exactly.

Dome above dome swelling boundlessly, and spire upon spire so high you can not see the selfish, envying, toiling earthly earth at all, from the easily-reached summit, and the never-found-elsewhere rosy, golden light. Ah! they stay with us always. We can see them again and again, and the shades we meet there never "cut us up" and say spiteful things of us while we are gone; never tell our dear friend, who, of course, tells us immediately that we are no better than we should be, and then are really hurt because we do not come to make them a visit. No, "*Vive les Chateaux d'Espagne!*"

It was after sundown when Gertrude and her sister rapped at their aunt's door. "Come," was the response. The sky was all glowing, and the room was filled with the dusky ubescence that seemed to pour in a flood from the clouds through the broad open window. Bathed in it, sat aunt Lillias in her easy chair. Gertrude seated herself on the sofa at her side, and Ellen was motioned to a low cushion before her. They all

sat very still, looking from the window, until it was so dark they could not see aunt Lillias' face.

"I am going to tell you how I came to be an old maid," she said.

The girls were all attention in a moment, notwithstanding Ellen was deeply absorbed in speculations concerning the reasons why Charley Morton did not do himself the honor of coming home with her from the last concert, although she pretended not to hear that tiresome Franklin Thompson's "delighted hope" for at least a minute; and Charley standing just behind her, did not improve the minute, much to her disappointment. And Gertrude had taken her departure mentally from any connection with matters in her immediate vicinity, being engaged in a visionary assent of Mount Vesuvius, having been led thereto, probably, by some distant resemblance to streams of lava, or columns of smoke, in the sky before her.

Both had forgotten the story, but at aunt Lillias' remark, Gertrude performed the voyage from Italy, and Ellen returned from the concert in an amazing short space of time.

"Until I was more than twenty, my brother,—your father, my dears, had been my most cherished and constant companion; but at that time he left home to finish his studies at Geneva. I was fond of society, and society was fond of me, and so, being both well pleased, it is not strange if I saw much of the *beau monde* in the large and gay city of B. . . . Though I sat down the young ladies as stupid, and the gentlemen as silly, I loved to be admired, as all women do, and so went where I would have flattery, and smiled, and danced, and flirted like the rest, but with a whole heart all the while. I had one besetting sin—I have conquered it now, I trust—I loved to say critical and sarcastic things about others, as much so, perhaps more than you, Ellen.

"Before my brother went away, a gentleman came to the city, and by

some acquaintances was soon introduced into our circle, and in due time became an important member of it. He was a general favorite, and the reason I have since found. I did not try to know then. He was so kind, always pleasing those present, and respecting those who were absent. I never heard him make an ungenerous remark. He was engaged in business, and we saw him often. Brother John seemed, for the first time, to find one of my friends a sensible person, with a large store of genuine common sense, and in addition, an unusual amount of information. They soon became fast friends, and John really seemed grateful to me for being the 'unconscious instrument' of such a happy acquaintance.

"A few days before John left us, we three were sitting in the parlor; John was speaking of his absence.

"I do not know what will become of you," he said to me.

"I intend to take the veil," said I, 'as soon as you are gone.'

"That gossamer Chantilly you were looking at at More's, I suppose," he said; 'you may take a dozen such veils, and my concern for you will not be lessened in the least.'

"Leave her to me, John," said a voice beside me, so grave that I started.

"Agreed!" he answered, and then added, 'What says Lillias?'

"She says, Mr. Candidate, that you better consider the matter again before you accept brother John's position. I will tell you a few of your duties. You will be required invariably to hand me the last magazine, after you have nicely cut the leaves, and before you have even looked at the table of contents. As I always lose my 'gossamer Chantilly' every time I ride, it will be your place to go in search of it —"

"Which you can avoid," interrupted John, 'by keeping watch of the article, and catching it as it flies off, as I have learned from experience; and, furthermore, as a friend, I

would advise you to put it into your pocket on the first occasion, for she will never miss it until she reaches home, and if you restore it, it will be away again in ten minutes.'"

Gentle reader, it was long ago that I heard this story, and I will tell it to you.

"Furthermore," I continued, 'you must always remember where I left my fan. You must be able to make accurate guesses whether I left my gloves in the hall or on the sitting-room table when I am going out to walk —'

"If in neither of these two places, they will be in her reticule," interposed John.

"I accept," said the smiling 'candidate'; 'and Miss Lillias, we will see who will have the most difficult service, you to be pleased, or I to please.'

I laughed, and John declared that he went away contented.

After John had gone, Mr. Lathrop was indeed a brother, and gradually I found that a place in my regard which never before had been filled, was occupied by him. I found myself avoiding what I knew he disapproved, and for the first time in my life, I actually remained at home from a grand charity ball, in consequence of his suspected disapproval, though he offered to accompany me, and innocently expressed his sorrow at my inopportune 'cold.' But with all my wit and vivacity, and with all my love of sarcasm and ridicule, I often brought a shade over the face which I had learned to watch for the guiding of my own actions.

"And here," aunt Lillias said, "is where I made a great error. Instead of being guided by another, I should have cultivated in myself a firm principle of right, and been led by my own consciousness of right and wrong. When he was away, my own sense of self-restraint seemed gone too, and I was just as thoughtless as ever.

"The house adjoining my father's had been vacant for some time, the

former proprietor being dead. Looking listlessly from my window one day, I saw evident signs of the advent of new neighbors. Cart-loads of boxes, well-worn with many knocks and bruises by land and sea, were left at the front entrance, and with many cries and much calling of porters, draymen, and carters, were being carried up the broad stairway. What most drew my attention, was a little woman in a very dusty gray habit, who was giving directions and orders with much energy, and, it seemed to me, with much pettishness. It was close by, and I could hear almost every word. One servant was sent to open the window, another had orders to bring a dozen brooms immediately; the maid was sent for some carpet tacks, and a little boy passing a few minutes after, was directed to overtake her, and tell her to bring a hammer. I gazed until I was weary, but the little lady seemed as active as ever.

"The next day the scene was repeated to my great amusement. On the third, the lady was seen dressed richly and plainly in rustling black, passing on a tour of inspection over the house. She appeared at one window, then another, arranging the folds of the curtains, drawing the tassels, and shaking the lace, seeming to leave some of her own ease and grace with every thing she touched. Then I saw her go out and walk in the direction of a large hotel not far distant. Some time after, she returned in a carriage, and an invalid gentleman with her, who was carefully assisted into the house.

"Mr. Lathrop was soon announced, and I entered the parlor fresh from the last scene of what I found a comedy. I commenced giving him an account of 'the moving'—giving a laughable description of the little woman. 'A gray woman! She is probably a fortune-teller, or a witch. I should not be surprised to see her turn to a black cat, and run over the beds some cloudy night,' said I, in

conclusion, after letting my imagination run its full extent in the description.

"Mr. Lathrop rose, and taking his hat, said, 'I came in to have you go with me, and call upon your new neighbor; but if the lady enjoys such regard from you, you will not care to see her brother again. Good-evening.'"

"And," said aunt Lillias, "I never heard him speak again."

She said this very quietly, almost carelessly, Gertrude thought, but, gentle reader, I know there were tears on her face.

COUNTRY HOMES AND COUNTRY WOMEN.

BY MRS. M. P. A. CROZIER.

(Continued.)

WE will suppose now that one has selected a spot where he will gather around him the comforts of life; that it is a wilderness spot, and that he locates upon it, as most do, with very limited means. Be it timbered land, oak openings, or prairie, he will have enough to do for some time in reclaiming the wild, and procuring the bare necessities of life, to tax all his energies. So far as I am able to judge, a prairie country is much more readily made serviceable to man, than a timbered or opening one, and the last more easily cleared up than the second, although the soil may need more manuring for awhile to sustain its fertility. In any case, there will be necessity enough for stout hearts and willing hands, and a rigid economy in management. With good health, which should be the birth-right of every woman, the wife will be able to assist her husband much more than would be supposed by one unacquainted with back-country life. What if she *should* lend a hand occasionally in piling and burning brush, rolling up logs, making garden, or hoeing corn?

There are no fashionable neighbors to look down upon her for doing so, and if there were, her innate dignity should scorn to notice their ridicule. It should never be looked upon as a disgrace to a woman, for her to endeavor to assist her husband who is struggling with honest poverty, even by manual out-door labor. Better far this, than an idle, dependent life, while that husband toils, and grows prematurely old in his efforts to support her in that idleness. But aside from out-door employment, the wife may do much to help along. Her cheerful submission to the lot of poverty, will lighten her husband's heart, and with a light heart the strokes of his ax will tell. She should make the best of her circumstances, and not endeavor to support a style which she is not able to afford.

Suppose she should desire to appear in town occasionally, where her worn and faded clothing would contrast forcibly with the rich apparel on the street, and where her equipage would excite the smiles of townsmen, and, perhaps, even unkind allusions to *country people*. Let her hold up her head and pass along about her own business. If the old foundered nag, or the sturdy ox-team, the best her husband is able to drive, look ridiculous to by-standers, and they speak evil of things they understand not, what of that? The team a person drives is not often the index to his *character*; it may be to his *purse*, and in the case in question, it can not be denied that that is short, which may not be at all discreditable. So, dear woman, enjoy a good laugh yourself at your backwoods establishment, and keep a glad hope in your heart for better days, or at least, of better things. There is a great deal in looking at an unpleasant fact philosophically, and keeping the heart's hope bright; for if the *heart* sinks, you may about as well put your head under water at once. Do the best you can, then, to keep up a cheerful waiting for a brighter future. Sup-

pose, too, you are obliged to live in a *little log house* now, with only a rough plank floor and one little window! Make the best of it; keep it in good order, and it will look pleasant to you, and your good, hard-working husband when he comes in from his daily toil. Many a family, now living in luxury, can look back to the little log-cabin in the forest as the cradle of their present prosperity; and from such humble homes have sprung many whom a nation has delighted to honor. Only let the love-light burn brightly on your hearth-stones, and when they shall be buried among the moss and ivy that long years shall nourish there, perchance some noble child will turn from legislative hall, from temple of science, or religion's holy altar, and reverently seek to kneel again where his mother knelt in the years of his humble childhood. Don't despise your own cottage, then, though it be rough and homely. Render it attractive by the sweetness of your own spirit, and the "gentle courtesies of love." Adorn it as best you may with Nature's beauties,—those immediately at hand. Don't envy Mr. Somebody because of his elegant flower-garden, with its shady walks, sparkling fountains, and choice exotics. Heaven has made flowers, and crystal waters, and lofty trees for poor people too, especially those who live in the country. Prepare a little plat of ground before your door, and transplant from these native shades a few wild flowers to diffuse their fragrance there. Love them as the genuine children of Nature, and perchance a sort of sympathy will spring up between you, and you will learn that humble life is not unblest of Providence. Suppose you can only place before your family potatoes and brown bread for dinner, and brown bread and potatoes for supper. Be thankful that you have enough of those wholesome articles. Many a poor, pale, dyspeptic who has long been pampered with luxuries, would be glad of the healthy

appetite with which your rosy-cheeked children sit down to your humble board, and of the keen relish with which they enjoy their coarse fare. And if a stranger or rich speculator happens to drop in at meal-time, do not be ashamed to ask him to partake with you; and there is no necessity of wasting time in apologizing for your plain food. If wholesome, it is good enough, and it may do him good to see how poor people live. And so always. Remember to *make the best of your circumstances!* Do not let false views of life, or an unworthy pride, deter you from enjoying all the blessings possible for those in your situation; and those will abound, if you learn "with whatsoever you have, therewith to be content."

(To be continued.)

BE FAITHFUL.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

THE world is bright to the faithful soul;
It bears the stamp of the Builder —
The gold-hued skies and the kingly hills
Own God their Maker and Gilder!
His hand is present in all His works —
His seal is on all the nations,
He has set His ever-living power
A watch o'er the earth's foundations!

There's no despair for the child of Hope —
Hope born of the spirit celestial!
The lamp of Faith burns ever clear,
As the taper of virgin vestal.
The rainbow formed o'er heaven's lakes,
Is ever fresh on the vision;
And through the veil of the clear, blue sky
Shines a glow of the Land Elysian.

Brethern, who labor, be cheerful and wait,
And heed not a dropping sorrow;
The same cloud that covers ye darkly to-day,
Will not be o'er ye to-morrow!
One stroke from the lash is giv'n at a time,
A minute's vouchsafed ye to bear it —
If ye take up the cross of the Crucified One,
Be willing through suff'ring to wear it.

Ye know that we read in the Book of the Lord,
"All things proceed out of God's wisdom,"
Then why not be willing to bow at His will?
As faithful and true to His kingdom?
The Master of all is bounteous and kind,
With a heart alive to sweet pity;
His hand is outstretched to all that will come
In unto His beautiful city.

LIVE FOR AN OBJECT.

BY REV. L. LOVEWELL.

The "lamps of heaven" were shining
Around the "queen of night,"
The scene was more enticing
Than in the blaze of light;
Alone in sober musing
I walked the Champlain shore,
Till lost in meditation,
I thought of time no more.

O'ercome at length, and weary,
I sat me down to rest;
'T was where the dashing billows
Display'd their foaming crest;
No sound save sighing breezes,
And murmurs of the wave,
Broke there the solemn silence —
All else was like the grave.

I marked each passing billow
As roll'd it to the shore;
Its form was quickly wasted,
And seen again no more;
Some proud and vain successor
Would chase the first away,
Then dash among the pebbles,
And vanish in its spray.

'T is thus, I thought, with mortals
On the stormy sea of life;
How many are the victims
Sad trophies of its strife!
"Forgotten," "lost," or "ruined,"
The only record traced,
And on the self-same breakers
Still other victims haste.

Oh, why this frequent ruin?
My mind instinctive asked;
Oh, why is learned so little
From out the teaching past?
Can God indeed be righteous,
Compassionate, or wise,
And give to man existence
Where danger ever lies?

Then Nature's thousand voices
From earth, and air, and wave,
As sound of many waters
Already answer gave.
Arraign not heavenly wisdom,
Nor challenge love divine!
If life's a desolation,
The fault, O, man, is thine!

When days and years are wasted,
Thus idly thrown away,
With no directing purpose
To give to life its stay;
As rolls the billow onward,
As floats the passing wave,
So human hearts are drifted,
Till lost within the grave.

HE'S COMING HOME.

BY ISABELLA SHELDEN.

He's coming home to his childhood's home,
Where loved ones wait to greet him;
And smiles shall grace each happy face,
As we hasten out to meet him.

Full many a day has passed away
Since we clasped his hand at parting;
And from each eye as we bade "good-bye,"
We saw the tear-drops starting.

But we soon shall gaze on his manly face
With a look that fears no chiding;
And our hearts shall bound at the well-
known sound
Of his voice as we sit beside him.

And though we know he again must go,
It shall not mar our pleasure;
But we'll enjoy without alloy
His few short weeks of leisure.

And we'll never fail with joy to hail
The time of his returning;
And in each heart while far apart,
Love's fires be brightly burning.

Then haste thee home — not I alone,
But sisters, father, mother,
And brothers, too, all long for you,
My dear, my eldest brother.
WILLSBOROUGH, 1858.

SPIRIT VOICES.

BY JAMES O. PERCIVAL.

When the shadows fall on my chamber wall,
And the day goes out so dreary,
When the night winds call thro' the poplars
tall,

When my troubled heart is weary;
Then voices sweet on my lone ear fall,
And up through th' silent years dear ones
call.

And the lights that gleam, and through
windows stream,
And struggle through thickening gloom,
Like the bright eyes seem of my waking
dream,

That gaze upon me from their tomb; —
That gaze on me from their silent tomb,
Where the grass grows green and the flow-
ers bloom.

And is it not meet that those voices sweet
Should speak to us like as of old?
That hearts should greet, and voices repeat
The words dearer to us than gold?

The words of those songs so noble and old
That sound like the rush of rivers of gold?

O, the voices that call, and like music fall,
When my heart is lone and weary;
When night winds all thro' the tree-tops tall,
Make the day go out so dreary;
For they speak with holy words to me
Thro' the sounding halls of memory.

MUSINGS AT TWILIGHT.

It is the hour of departing day,
The sun is sinking in the west;
Now the daily toil is o'er,
And the weary mind's at rest.
The cares and ills of life
Are all forgotten now;
The shade of grief and care
Are driven from the brow.

But now, when all the world
Is free from care and sorrow —
When to the fount of peace and love
They come and freely borrow,
And find relief for every care,
A balm for every woe,
My heart is sad, oh! very sad,
And little joy can know.

As the evening shadows lengthen,
And the scenes grow fainter now,
I feel care's busy pencil
Working on my brow.
My heart is almost bursting
With its great load of grief;
Tell me where, oh! where to seek
That I may find a sure relief.

I've sought in halls of pleasure,
Where the voice of laughter's heard,
And forms of light and beauty
My heart-strings oft have stirred.
The wine-cup passed around,
And all seemed mirth and joy,
But e'en those scenes of gayety,
My grief could not destroy.

I sought where music low and sweet
Was wafted on the air,
And forms were gliding through the dance,
Free from all thoughts of care.
But still my heart was dreary,
My feelings dull and sad,
Those scenes of worldly pleasure
They drove me almost mad.

I sought by humble prayer
Offered to God on high,
To quell the storm of sorrow,
And fit me for the sky;
To make me more like unto Him,
That I may more meekly bear
The yoke of heavy pain and sorrow,
Worldly ill and care.

MARRYING A "BLUE."

BY MISS CAROLINE E. FAIRFIELD.

"MARRY a literary woman! No, not were it Madame de Stael herself. I detest the whole tribe of them."

"Pray, did you ever see an authoress? a real live 'blue?'"

"No, madam; and may it be long till I do."

"Some repugnance to that unfortunate class seems to be deadly seated. May I venture to inquire the precise nature of your objections to them?"

"A literary woman, madam, is a monstrosity; a perversion of nature; a pullet aspiring to be party to a cock-fight; a hen-turkey attempting to gobble."

"Major, such comparisons are hardly worthy of your gallantry. Certainly you might draw your similes from a more honorable source than the poultry-yard."

"Madam, I trust I am not wanting in due appreciation of the sex. Bachelor as I am, I am not quite a barbarian. Women are decidedly useful in the world, I may say indispensable, when they remain in their own sphere; I repeat it, madam, *when they remain in their own sphere*," and the inflection of the major's voice was one of unmistakable emphasis.

A wonderful man was the major; portly in person, pompous in manner, positive in speech, and powerful, not to say overpowering, in argument. What, for instance, was the delicate, brown-haired, soft-eyed little individual before him to offer in controversion of his last position? Obviously nothing, and she wisely did not attempt it.

"The term 'woman's sphere' is variously used," was the meek reply. "Would you be kind enough to signify more definitely the meaning which you attach to it?"

"Certainly; your request is manifestly a proper one. A man should never use terms which he can not satisfactorily explain. By woman's

sphere I mean — ah — I intend to be understood as — of course I referred to — to the usual employments of women."

"Very satisfactory, sir; by the usual employments of women, you doubtless mean those in which most women are occupied."

"Certainly, madam; I think that is obvious."

"First, then, there is the kitchen round of duties; baking, boiling, stewing, washing, ironing, and scrubbing."

"These, of course, in polite society, devolve upon the servants."

"In many instances, yes; but there is more than polite society in the world. Many a man marries a wife solely that she may cook his food, darn his hose, and keep his house. These duties, then, constitute *her* sphere."

"Certainly, a woman of domestic habits is an invaluable treasure."

"There are women who by their position are exempted, in a great degree, from these servile duties. These give their time to music, embroidery, novel-reading, and the like. They, too, never transgress the bounds of woman's sphere, I suppose."

Major Boynton had an instinctive and invincible repugnance to pianos, worsted-work, and sentimentality, with which fact possibly Miss Fanny Buresford was acquainted. I admit this possibility in order to account for the very calm manner in which she received the rather sarcastic reply.

"No; these are all truly *feminine* employments; I presume none of the masculine species will ever invade the rights of the sex in that direction."

"Kitchen drudgery and parlor accomplishments considered, the peculiar prerogatives of the sex remain to be enumerated — scolding domestics, scandalizing neighbors, and slandering professed friends."

"Surely, Miss Fanny, you would not ask a place for these vices among the privileges of woman?"

"I beg your pardon, sir. Your definition of woman's sphere was, if I recollect, 'the ordinary employment of women;' and I confess what I presume you will not deny, that these things occupy a far greater share of most women's time and thoughts than do literary pursuits."

"Still, madam, I can not but consider them foreign to the true sphere of woman."

"As foreign as scrubbing?" asked Fanny, innocently.

"Ah — ahem! Well, yes, properly speaking, I think they are."

"I think, then, we shall be obliged to alter a word in our definition, and instead of the usual employments, say —"

"The *useful* employments," suggested the major. "Useful is a good word, Miss Fanny, a very good word."

"Undoubtedly, 'the useful employments;' that reads excellently well. And now having expunged from our list of womanly duties and privileges these objectionable intruders, it will be well to find a substitute for them. You would not object to reading — standard works I mean, not romances?"

"Certainly not; woman is undoubtedly an intellectual being; she should improve her talents and capacities within certain limits."

"We will not stop to inquire how far such culture should be carried. Some might think it unnecessary to prescribe any bounds; but from receiving the ideas of others to imparting our own, the transition is easy and natural. And if a woman should become the originator of ideas, which, if diffused, might benefit others, you surely would not deprive the world of her tribute to the common good, simply because it emanated from a woman?"

The major began to see to what all this was leading; and with a "hem" and a "haw," and an uneasy and yet portentous look, he answered:

"Your remarks *sound* very well.

The *theory* is all plausible enough, but we all know that theory and practice don't always go hand-in-hand. Just reduce all this nonsense about woman's rights to practice, and you see at once that it don't answer. There's nothing like the hard rubs of everyday life to try these fine abstractions, Miss Fanny."

"Oh! I was not advancing any theory of my own, sir; I was only desirous of learning your ideas. Doubtless you are correct; you are so much more experienced than I. I confess that to my simplicity, the idea of a woman turning authoress has never seemed so *very* shocking."

"My dear Miss Fanny — I beg your pardon, but my friendship for your family must be my warrant for a little freedom of manner — I do hope you are not becoming tainted with ultra notions in regard to Woman's Rights." He bent a keen and searching look upon her. "If you were not so lady-like in your manners, if I could detect an ink-stain upon your dress, or, in short, if you were not so scrupulously neat in your attire, and amiable in your temper, I should certainly suspect you of — being a blue."

At the beginning of this catalogue of her graces and virtues, Fanny had, unconsciously, perhaps, protruded a little foot from beneath the skirt of her dress, displaying thereupon a dainty, well-fitting slipper, and a peep of something else which was certainly not *un bas blue*, but sunny white instead, and upon this the major's eyes were now resting with an air of comfortable re-assurance, while Miss Fanny replied laughingly:

"Thank you for your compliments, major; all the more welcome because so evidently sincere. I am not sure, however, that I ought not rather to scold you for entertaining any such terrible suspicions of me."

"Forgive me, Miss Fanny, my apprehensions were only momentary. Although, as I said, I have never seen any of these female ogres, I am

certain I should recognize one at first glance. And you, I am very happy to say, have n't a mark of the tribe upon you;" and he surveyed very approvingly the sweet, pale face, with its clusters of brown curls, and the neat, white wrapper fastened at the throat by the simple band of jet and pearls.

She looked up into his face with a pleasant but half-quizzical smile, and answered, "I know one or two of these terrible creatures, these *femmes savants*, and may be I shall introduce them to you some time; you must promise to treat them kindly, and try to overlook their peculiarities; won't you, major?"

"Your friends, Miss Fanny, will always be sure of respect from me; as for any thing more, I can make no promises in regard to 'blue stockings.' And I warn you, my dear young lady, that the less you have to do with them the better," and bowing, and courteously wishing Miss Fanny good morning, he left her.

When he was gone, the young lady seated herself in a great arm-chair by the window, and looking out through the leafy screen of roses and honeysuckles, watched the gallant major as he passed down the broad street toward his handsome mansion; and when he was out of sight, she rested her head upon her white hand, and with a smile and a little half sigh, sat quietly musing.

Mrs. Buresford, the mother of Fanny, was a widow, her husband, Dr. Buresford, having died some ten years before the opening of our story, of disease of the heart. Afflicting as was this sudden removal of a beloved husband and parent, the blow was further enhanced by the discovery that his affairs, instead of being, as was supposed, in a prosperous condition, were seriously involved; and a few months sufficed to show that from the wreck of his fortune, only a very small sum could be secured for the maintenance of his wife and daughter. Mrs. Buresford's health was too del-

icate to admit of any active exertion upon her own part for the increase of their little income; and Fanny, unable to leave her mother, to enter upon that sole resource of the educated woman, teaching, labored as best she might to eke out their scanty resources. Becoming at last desirous to leave the city, they had written to Major Boynton, who had been an old and valued friend of Dr. Buresford, and who had frequently, since their bereavement, placed his services at their disposal, desiring him to procure for them, if possible, some quiet, secluded cottage in his vicinity, where they might live in the retirement best suited to their means. The major, who, despite his pragmatism and sometimes domineering ways, possessed a heart full of kind feeling, generously offered them a pretty little house of his own, one of the pleasantest situations in Meadow Brook, rent free; and when his friend expressed some scruples in the matter, he urged his proposal with an air of determination and authority, which seemed to the gentle widow utterly irresistible. They had been scarcely a month domiciled at Brookside, when the conversation above related occurred.

Mrs. Buresford and her daughter were comfortably settled at Brookside, and had had some opportunity of growing familiar with the odd ways of their benefactor, when one day in June he knocked at their cottage-door and desired to see Mrs. Buresford.

"He wants to see you alone, mamma," said Fanny, who had answered his summons; "he expressly said *alone*; what can be his object? I think he must be going to propose to you, mamma, for he looked more than usually imposing."

"For my daughter, may be," said Mrs. Buresford, with a smile. "But really I almost dread to meet him, his very presence is so overpowering, and 'then his civilities actually crush one with a sense of one's own

unworthiness. He never so much as says, 'How d'ye do,' but I at once feel that I ought to be devoutly grateful that he troubled himself to ask. And yet he is really very generous."

"So he is, mamma, and I shall not allow even you the luxury of abusing him. But I do wonder what his errand is to-day."

"Oh, I suspect it is a business call. He told me the other day that 'if I would honor him with my confidence, and give him an insight into our pecuniary affairs, he did not doubt but he might be able to aid me materially in their management.' He had the grace to add, that women had so little comprehension of money matters, that he didn't doubt but our accounts needed looking over by some careful eye."

"The meddlesome, interfering man," laughed Fanny. "Why didn't you tell him at once that we hadn't the slightest need of his assistance. As if you and I, mamma, weren't competent to look after our little income. You really should have checked him there, mamma."

"He seemed so certain that there was an inextricable tangle somewhere, which no hand but his own was competent to unravel, and was so evidently bent on doing us a service, that I really could not well refuse to accede to his request."

"Well, thank fortune, he will be disappointed for once; and mind, mamma, you are not to hint any thing about my affairs; he is only to give me credit for spending just what is charged against me on the books."

"As you please, my dear; but I really would like to let him know that you at least are not the imbecile which he set all women down to be. I really think a lesson would do him good."

"At your peril, mamma. All in good time it shall be done, but not now. There, you are looking very sweetly, and you must go down now, or the dear, important, punctilious old gallant will think we don't treat

him with proper deference. He is not the man to be kept waiting, with impunity." And with an approving glance at her mother's smooth, silvery curls and black dress, Fanny opened the door, whispering as she did so, "Remember, mamma, you are not to betray me."

"If I can help it."

"Oh, it is the easiest thing in the world to evade him. It is a pity but I was his wife, I can manage him so capitally."

"Well, madam," said the major, deliberately, as he closed the little account-book which contained the inventory of all Mrs. Buresford's worldly possessions, and the annual appropriations of her income, "well, madam, I see here little to correct. The precision with which you manage matters is truly creditable. Still I must say that the way you manage to live so comfortably upon your present income is still a mystery to me. I was confident that you were overrunning it daily, but things seem quite straight. I notice, however, that Miss Fanny's allowance, I beg your pardon, I speak as a friend, is somewhat less than I had imagined. She must add prudence and economy to her other virtues."

She does indeed, sir. Fanny regulates all our expenditures, and herself keeps the account of them. You must excuse a mother's fondness, sir, but Fanny is, I think, a remarkable girl. She has been a treasure to me."

"She would be a treasure to any man; that is, I meant to say, that whoever was so fortunate as to be — to get — to claim her as his wife, might consider himself — fortunate."

That the major should blush and stammer so over a very commonplace speech was ominous. Mrs. Buresford thought so, and with a blushing cheek and a tongue which clove to the roof of her mouth, she sat in silence.

"I trust, my dear madam, that you have no doubts of the sincerity

of my friendship," resumed the major, valiantly, his courage evidently returning, "and if—if an arrangement that I have to propose should not meet your approbation—or—your, or Miss Fanny's, I trust, madam, that you would—would place no misconstruction upon my motives."

"We have too many reasons to consider you our friend, sir, to doubt you without good cause."

"So I should think—should hope, madam. You are aware, madam, that I am—a—a bachelor."

The fact was notorious, and Mrs. Buresford only bowed and said, "Certainly."

"A single life has many inconveniences; and I propose abandoning it."

"Indeed," thought Mrs. Buresford; "he's going to marry a widow, perhaps, with a little girl, for whom he wants Fanny as a governess. She shall not go." Perhaps the thought threw a faint cloud over her countenance which did n't reassure the major.

With a visible increase of embarrassment he continued, "As I was saying, madam, I intend to marry. It is my desire to consummate the affair as soon as may be—and—I have a proposal to make to Miss Fanny. I consider her a person of—of superior abilities as a housekeeper—and—and I desire you to ask—to present my compliments to her, and say—"

"What does the man mean?" thought Mrs. Buresford; "he is going to marry some young inexperienced girl, I suppose, and he wants Fanny for a housekeeper. I wonder how he dare think of the thing. Major Boynton!" she exclaimed, with some dignity, "my daughter, despite her poverty, is a lady."

"I am aware of the fact," said the major, perspiration breaking out in great drops upon his forehead. "I am perfectly aware, madam, that Miss Fanny is, as I said, as I always thought, a very superior person, a

lady of distinguished abilities—in short, a prudent, economical, and every way admirable woman—and that, madam, that is the very reason why I wish her—why I should desire—should desire that she should favor my—my proposal."

"If I understand you, sir, you consider my daughter a prudent, practical sort of person, who would superintend your household affairs with discretion, and intending perhaps to take to yourself a wife incompetent to these things, you desire to engage my daughter as a housekeeper. Allow me to say, Major Boynton, that you have mistaken my daughter's position," and Mrs. Buresford rose with some dignity to leave the room.

"I beg your pardon, madam," gasped the major, with a very red face; "I implore your forgiveness."

"It is granted," said Mrs. Buresford, rather coldly.

"But you misunderstand me, madam; I am confident you do," and he extended his hand pleadingly toward her. "I desire to engage your daughter, not as a housekeeper, but as—as—a wife!"

It was Mrs. Buresford's turn to blush. She was vexed with herself and with the major, yet still secretly pleased, for Mrs. Major Boynton was a title to be coveted. "Why could not he have said it an hour ago?" she said to herself. And then more benignantly she replied to the nearly distracted suitor:

"I beg your pardon, sir; I fear I greatly misunderstood you, if you intend to honor my daughter with the offer of your hand."

"I do," parenthesized the major.

"You must allow me to entreat your forgiveness for my stupidity, and to refer you to herself for your answer. Excuse me one moment, sir, and I will send her to you," and Mrs. Buresford, glad of any pretext of escaping from the room, hastily sought her daughter's apartment, to give vent to her mingled mirth and

vexation, and announce the major's proposed "arrangement."

Meantime that individual had wiped his forehead about twenty times to allay the perspiration, had newly settled his dickey, which was beginning to give disagreeable evidence of the warmth of his sensations, and by the time Miss Fanny made her appearance, he was really in quite a presentable condition; and inspired perhaps by her pleasant smile, and the ease and cordiality of her manner, he succeeded in acquainting her with the state of his affections in a creditably brief and succinct manner. The lady listened with evident satisfaction, and with a blush which the major thought exceedingly captivating, she replied:

"It would be very strange, sir, if your generous conduct toward my mother and myself, and the high sense of honor and right principles which are well known to regulate your life, had not impressed me with a due sense of the worth of your character. Under these circumstances it is impossible that I should not rightly appreciate the honor which you have conferred upon me. And I may add that mingled gratitude and esteem, to say nothing of love," and the smile, and the blush, and the happy glance which she raised to his face spoke volumes, "would induce me to consider your proposition very favorably, did there not exist an insuperable obstacle to our union."

The major, who, when he had met the look of that upturned face, had drawn a long sigh of relief, and actually ventured to clasp the little white fingers which lay in such tempting proximity to his — now looked aghast.

"May I inquire what that obstacle may be, Miss Fanny?"

"I regret to say that I can not inform you of its nature at present. I can only assure you that it does not exist in my own mind or heart, but in your judgment. Had you known, sir, all that I shall now feel called

upon at no distant day to disclose to you, you could probably never have honored me by this proposal."

The major begged, and pleaded, and protested all in vain. Fanny would not listen to his declarations that there *could* be nothing in her to which he should object. She herself regretted it exceedingly; but she was confident it was so. If he would call on the day after to-morrow, she should be able to satisfy him.

The state of the major's mind in the interim the reader must imagine. As Mrs. Buresford saw him walking past the house at ten o'clock that night, an unheard-of thing for the major, for he was always in bed at nine, she exclaimed, "Indeed, Fanny, you are too cruel, to torture the poor man so; I think he actually suffers."

"I hope he does," said unsympathizing Fanny. After a pause, she added, "To tell the truth, mother, I do think the dear, good creature has only one fault; all the rest are mere foibles. But he certainly does undervalue women, and it is my duty to rectify that while I have it in my power; I must teach him a lesson."

Early on the morning of the appointed day, the major, with a palpitating heart, repaired to the cottage. Fanny met him promptly in the parlor, and seated herself in a friendly way upon the sofa by his side. She held a book in her hand, and before he had time to make any allusions to the subject next his heart, she said, "I was just looking over a new book which was sent me from town yesterday. It promises to be rather interesting. Shall I read some of it to you?"

The major was not altogether pleased with the proposition, but he answered amiably, "If you please, Miss Fanny." The truth was, she sat so near him, without seeming in the least afraid of him, and looked up into his face with such a pleasant, winning smile, that he could not have refused her his eyes, if she had asked them.

Fanny commenced the story, and her clear, soft voice was music to the major. Gradually he became interested in the book, and stealing his arm around Fanny's waist, that he might the more conveniently look over her shoulder upon the fascinating page, and holding her little white hand in his, in order occasionally to express a silent but emphatic recognition of the force and beauty of the more striking passages, he became at last so absorbed in the narrative as to forget entirely that insuperable barrier to his happiness, which had risen so like a mountain before him during the last day and a half. Two hours they read thus before Fanny laid down the book.

"My dear Miss Fanny, you are getting tired, I see; how inconsiderate of me not to think of it before. But that is a wonderful work—a most extraordinary work, madam; undoubtedly the production of a genius. Do you know who wrote it, Fanny? I see there is no name on the title-page."

"Yes, sir, I am acquainted with the author."

"Who can he be?"

"It is a woman, sir."

"A woman! marvelous! Who is she, Miss Fanny?"

"I, sir. I wrote that book."

"*You!* Fanny Buresford; my Fanny?"

"Fanny Buresford, sir."

"Well, I'm not at all surprised, (of course he wasn't;) I always knew you were a most remarkable creature; a very extraordinary creature, indeed. But that book, why it is the greatest book I ever read. I'm proud of you, Miss Fanny; I am proud to be your friend,"—the major reddened suddenly with the recollection of the delicate position in which he stood, and added with a bow—"your lover, madam."

"Then you do not think it was so very improper for me to write a book?"

"Improper!" the one word was sufficient reply.

"It was to eke out our scanty income that I commenced writing, you know; not for any thirst for fame," she said, apologetically.

"Most admirable woman; but I always knew you were an angel. Fanny, I am aware that I am presumptuous; but you must forgive me if I renew our conversation of the other day, and beg to know what is that insuperable obstacle to our—to my happiness."

Fanny placed her hands within those of the major, and looking up with a tender, but a merry glance, she said, "What, Major Boynton, would you marry a literary woman?"

It was about a minute before the astonished man could recover his senses after this unexpected question; and when he did, his first demonstration was of such a crushing nature, that Fanny afterward declared, when Mrs. Major Boynton, that just at that moment she had no expectation of ever breathing again. "Why, a Polar bear was nothing to him," she averred.—*Peterson's Magazine.*

TRUE ECONOMY.

ALL economy, whether of states, households, or individuals, may be defined to be the art of managing labor. The world is so regulated by the laws of Providence, that a man's labor, well applied, is always amply sufficient to provide him during his life with all things needful to him, and not only with those, but with many pleasant objects of luxury; and yet further, to procure him large intervals of healthful rest and serviceable leisure. And a nation's labor, well applied, is in like manner amply sufficient to provide its whole population with good food and comfortable habitation; and not with those only, but with good education besides, and objects of luxury, art treasures, such as these you have around you now. But by those same laws of Nature

and Providence, if the labor of the nation or of the individual be misapplied, and much more if it be insufficient — if the nation or man be indolent and unwise — suffering and want result exactly in proportion to the indolence and improvidence — to the refusal of labor, or to the misapplication of it. Wherever you see want, or misery, or degradation in this world about you, there, be sure, either industry has been wanting, or industry has been in error. It is not accident, it is not Heaven-commanded calamity, it is not the original and inevitable evil of man's nature which fill your streets with lamentation, and your graves with prey. It is only that, when there should have been providence, there has been waste; when there should have been labor, there has been lasciviousness; and willfulness, when there should have been subordination.*

Now, we have warped the word "economy" in our English language into a meaning which it has no business whatever to bear. In our use of it, it constantly signifies merely sparing or saving money — economy of time, sparing time, and so on. But this is a wholly barbarous use of the word — barbarous in a double sense, for it is not English, and it is bad Greek; barbarous in a treble sense, for it is not English, it is bad Greek, and it is worse sense. Economy no more means saving money than it means spending money. It means, the administration of a house; its stewardship; spending or saving that is, whether money or time, or any thing else, to the best possible advantage. In the simplest and clearest definition of it, economy, whether public or private, means the wise management of labor; and it means this mainly in three senses, namely: first, *applying* your labor rationally; secondly, *preserving* its produce carefully; lastly, *distributing* its produce seasonably.

* Proverbs xiii. 23: "Much food is in the tillage of the poor, but there is that is destroyed for want of judgment."

I say first, applying your labor rationally; that is, so as to obtain the most precious things you can, and the most lasting things, by it; not growing oats in land where you can grow wheat, nor putting fine embroidery on a stuff that will not wear. Secondly, preserving its produce carefully; that is to say, laying up your wheat wisely in store-houses for the time of famine, and keeping your embroidery watchfully from the moth: and lastly, distributing its produce seasonably; that is to say, being able to carry your corn at once to the place where the people are hungry, and your embroideries to the places where they are gay; so fulfilling in all ways the Wise Man's description, whether of the queenly housewife or queenly nation: "She riseth while it is yet night, and giveth meat to her household, and a portion to her maidens. She maketh herself coverings of tapestry, her clothing is silk and purple. Strength and honor are in her clothing, and she shall rejoice in time to come."

Now, you will observe that in this description of the perfect economist, or mistress of the household, there is a studied expression of the balanced division of her care between the two great objects of utility and splendor; in her right hand, food and flax, for life and clothing; in her left hand, the purple and the needle-work, for honor and for beauty. All perfect housewifery or national economy is known by these two divisions; wherever either is wanting, the economy is imperfect. If the motive of pomp prevails, and the care of the national economist is directed only to the accumulation of gold, and of pictures, and of silk and marble, you know at once that the time must soon come when all these treasures shall be scattered and blasted in national ruin. If, on the contrary, the element of utility prevails, and the nation disdains to occupy itself in any wise with the arts of beauty or delight, not only a certain quantity of its energy calculated

for exercise in those arts alone must be entirely wasted, which is bad economy, but also the passions connected with the utilities of property become morbidly strong, and a mean lust of accumulation, merely for the sake of accumulation, or even of labor, merely for the sake of labor, will banish at least the serenity and the morality of life, as completely, and perhaps more ignobly, than even the lavishness of pride, and the lightness of pleasure. And similarly, and much more visibly, in private and household economy, you may judge always of its perfectness by its fair balance between the use and the pleasure of its possessions. You will see the wise cottager's garden trimly divided between its well-set vegetables and its fragrant flowers; you will see the good housewife taking pride in her pretty tablecloth and her glittering shelves, no less than in her well-dressed dish and her full store-room; the care in her countenance will alternate with gaiety; and though you will reverence her in her seriousness, you will know her best by her smile.—*Ruskin's Political Economy of Art.*

PROVIDENTIAL RESCUE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

ONE day, in harvest time, my mother sent me into the cellar to fetch a pitcher of beer for the reapers. I was about ten years old, and of a lively temper, always going with a hop and a bound rather than walking. On coming into the dark cellar I felt a little timid, and, to keep up my courage, sprang and danced about at a greater rate than usual.

Now it happened that Harrach, my native town, was built over old mines which had fallen in a long time before. All around the place lie great fragments of stone from the abandoned works, and in many of the houses are found half-opened passages which are sometimes used as cellars. Our house, likewise, was built

over a shaft, but this was either not known or not thought of. But while I was capering about, and had just seized the pitcher which stood in the corner, suddenly the earth opened under me, and I was gone, I knew not where.

I went down to a great depth, and should have plunged to the very bottom of the abyss, had not a hook, which probably had been used for fastening the mining ladder, caught me by the coat. At the instant of falling I had uttered a fearful shriek, which reached the ears of my mother, who was busy in the kitchen. She came running down with a light, and when she saw the opening in the ground, and could neither find me nor hear answer to her call, she could not doubt that I had perished.

My mother has often told me that she was beside herself with terror, and was near plunging down after me. It became so dark before her eyes that she could hardly sustain herself upon her trembling knee. But the thought that possibly I might be rescued, brought her to herself.

She hastened up stairs, and called for help; but no one heard her, for all the household were at work in the harvest field. It was not until she had run down the street, that some women heard her and hastened to the spot. They stood around wringing their hands and looking down into the aperture, and knew not what to do.

In falling I had lost my consciousness, and it would have been a happy thing to have remained thus till the moment of my deliverance. But after a time I came to myself. I knew not where I was, but I felt that I was hanging between heaven and earth, and the next moment might plunge me into the bottomless abyss. I hardly ventured to make a sound, so great was my terror; but when I heard voices and piteous lamentations above me, I begged in God's name for help. At this the lamentations ceased for a moment, and then burst

out more violently than before, for to know that I was alive and no way to help me, only added to their misery.

There was no lack of counsel. Each one had something to propose. But it was soon seen that nothing was to be effected in this way. They tried to let down cords, but they did not reach me. Poles were still more useless. Indeed, how could it have been possible for me to hold on to a cord or a pole long enough to draw me up to that height?

At length they called in the aid of an old miner, who at once saw what was to be done. His first business was carefully to enlarge the aperture. He then set up a windlass beside it, with a long rope coiled upon it, and to this fastened a bucket. The compassionate neighbors watched every movement with agonizing impatience. Many prayed aloud. And in those terrible moments of consciousness, which now and then broke in upon my swoon, for I had swooned after my fall, my ear caught single words of hymns and prayers for the dying, which I understood too well.

At length all was ready; and the old miner, with a light attached to his cap, having first given warning that perhaps he might drag me down with him in his descent, stepped into the bucket. Slowly and cautiously was the rope unwound. I saw the burning light, and it seemed to me like a star descending from heaven for my help. Above was the silence of death. Without knowing what I did, I shrank up as close as possible to the damp wall. The movement loosened a bit of stone, and I heard the reverberation of its fall in the depth below. My groans indicated the place where I hung. The old man now began to comfort me, saying that I must keep up a good heart, for he hoped that with God's help he should deliver me.

Now I saw the bucket hovering far over my head; then nearer and nearer; but the opening was so nar-

row that it could not pass by me. My deliverer therefore gave a sign for those at the top to stop unwinding. He then reached down to me a cord with a noose tied to it. I seized hold of this, and by raising myself a little, grasped the edge of the bucket, first by one, and then by both hands. At this moment the frail threads, which had thus far sustained me, gave way. The bucket swayed with my weight, but I was already grasped by my old friend. He drew me into the bucket, and called aloud:

"Thank God, there above! I have the child! I have the child!"

As I sat in the miner's lap and felt myself safe, the first thing that came into my head was the pitcher, which in my fall had slipped from my hand. I began to weep bitterly.

"Why do you weep, my boy?" said the old man; "the danger is all over; we are just at the top."

"Ah, the pitcher, the pitcher!" I sobbed out. "It was bran new, and the very best we had!"

We were now at the brink of the chasm. My mother leaned over it, reaching toward me with yearning arms. The old miner lifted me out to her. With trembling hands she caught me and drew me to her bosom. All the bystanders shouted for joy. They crowded around, and each one wished to embrace me, but my mother trusted me not out of her arms. The dear, good mother! She had always loved me dearly; but from that time I was the apple of her eye.

I have heard my mother more than once relate, that when she heard the words of the miner, "Thank God, there above; I have the child," a thrill of horror ran through her heart. Then it seemed to her impossible that it could be true; she fell with her face to the ground, and could only weep. But when the light re-appeared, and by its weak rays she could discern her child, and see that he was alive, heaven seemed to open to her in all its glory. Never did she forget the blessed moment. My mother

was a very pious woman, and was on this account held in great esteem by all who knew her. God laid many trials upon her, but I never saw her faint-hearted, never heard her murmur. In all her sorrows she acknowledged the fatherly love of God. But she often told her children that it was in that day of agony, when I was lost and again restored, that she was first fully established in her faith, and knew what it was to trust in the goodness of God.

THE QUIET HOME.

“**W**HAT dear, quiet little things Mrs. Bird’s children are!” said a lady to her friend. “I called to see Mrs. Bird to-day, and found her in the nursery with her two boys and two girls, about the ages of mine. It would have done your heart good to see how sweetly they behaved. Perfect little gentlemen and ladies they were. I felt really discouraged. Mine! why they are wild asses’ colts in comparison.”

“There’s a great difference in children,” replied the friend. “I know some little boys and girls that Mrs. Bird would not find so easily subdued.”

“I could hardly credit my own eyes; but, as they say, seeing is believing,” resumed the first speaker. “For more than half an hour I sat and talked with Mrs. Bird, in the nursery, without once being disturbed by any noise or any of the unpleasant interruptions incident to the presence of the children.

“What were they doing?” asked the other, in some surprise.

“That was most remarkable of all. Mrs. Bird has four children. Willy is the oldest — just in his tenth year. Meeta is seven, Agnes five, and the baby, as they call Andrew, nearly four. Just the ages for thoughtless, mischief-making, troublesome romps. But they were as still as mice in a cheese. She had them all doing

something. Willy she had taught various kinds of netting and ornamental needle-work. It was a wonderful resource for the child, she said, keeping his thoughts and fingers busy, and both out of mischief. She showed me a handsome anti-macassar, in crochet, which he had just finished. I’m sure that I could n’t have done it better. I could not help looking upon the delicately-formed, sweet-faced boy, as he sat earnestly engaged at his work — he was embroidering a pair of slippers in Berlin wool for his father — and contrasting him with my Tom, a great, rude, coarse boy, with dirty, rough hands, that are always in better condition for grasping a wheel-barrow than plying a needle. And the comparison, I can assure you, was not made without a sigh.”

“Did the boy look happy?” inquired the friend.

“Perfectly so. He wanted no amusement besides his books and his needle-work. You could n’t drive him into the street, his mother said.”

“Dear little fellow! What a comfort to have such a child!”

“Is n’t it? It really did me good to look into his sweet, pure face, so girlish and delicate.”

“I should like to understand Mrs. Bird’s system, for there must be art in the case. All children are born romps.”

“‘I begin early,’ she said to me, ‘and repress all rudeness and disorder. It is the mind that governs in children as well as in men. You must give this the right direction. Mere noise-making I never permitted. Boys, it is said, grasp a hammer and pound instinctively. I think, in most cases, they pound because a hammer is given to them. Try them with the sweet face and fragile form of a baby doll, and you will rarely see an inclination to pound. I commenced with the doll, not the hammer; and you see the result. Willy is as gentle as a girl. He never throws the house into disorder; never makes discordant

noises ; never quarrels with or teases his younger brother or sisters. So with the rest. I began right, you see ; and upon a right beginning every thing depends. My husband is a home-loving, order-loving, quiet-loving man ; and I make it my business to see that home is all he desires. 'How much I enjoy my home — it is so quiet — so orderly !' During the first year of our marriage, Mr. Bird often said this. I had seen other homes. I was familiar with the way in which young children were permitted to destroy all comfort in a household by their noise and disorder ; and I made up my mind to have things different, if children came to our home. And they are different, as you can see. And the children themselves are much happier. I keep them busy at something from morning till night — busy enough not to think of eating all the while. This gormandizing among children is dreadful ! It makes mere gluttons of them — developing the animal, and repressing the intellectual. It is this ravenous eating that renders them coarse, rude, and cruel, like wild beasts.' "

"I believe Mrs. Bird is more than half right," was remarked upon this. "I have often said that children were permitted to eat overmuch. Mine would stuff themselves like Christmas turkeys, from morning till night, if not restricted."

"Employment, such as Mrs. Bird provides her children, is certainly the best corrector for this habit of eating."

"How did she get along with baby Andrew — the little four-year-old you mentioned ? Was he as orderly and silent as the rest ?"

"He was poring over a picture spelling-book for most of the time that I was there, and afterward occupied himself with stringing beads. I declare it was all a wonder to me. Such a charming family of children I have never seen elsewhere. What a change there would be for the better

if all mothers understood and practiced on Mrs. Bird's system."

"Better for heaven, it may be," said the friend, a little equivocally.

"For heaven ? I don't just see your meaning."

"Such children are most too good to live."

"Oh !"

"Mrs. Bird's quiet home may be very pleasant, and her system of government very beautiful — but there is danger."

"Of what ?"

"That her children will not live."

"Why ? Because they are too good for this earth, as you have just intimated ?"

"I am not sure that they are really better in heart than some less orderly and more boisterous children. What I mean, is that Mrs. Bird's system depresses the animal forces, leaving the bodies of her children more liable to disease, and less able to resist an attack when it comes."

"They are less exposed than other children."

"Perhaps so. But, for my part, on reflection, I would rather take the chances of a less orderly system of home management — mine, for instance, a little modified — noisy, and like a bedlam, as the house often is."

It was on the evening of this very day, that Mr. Bird said to his wife, as if the subject were suddenly forced upon his observation :

"I don't think our children have strong constitutions. Willy's face is too delicate for the face of a boy, and his body too slender. I observe, also, that his shoulders are depressed. Hark !"

Both listened for a few moments.

"I don't just like that cough," said Mr. Bird.

"A little cold," remarked his wife. "Willy got his feet wet to-day."

"I never saw children with such indifferent appetites," said Mr. Bird ; "they don't eat enough to keep pigeons alive."

"Most children eat too much," was the reply; "and more children are made sick from over-feeding than abstemiousness."

"But there is a golden mean," said Mr. Bird.

"To reach which has been my study. Do not fear. The children eat quite as much as is good for them."

"There it is again! I don't like that cough at all." And Mr. Bird arose and went up to the room where the children were sleeping. Willy's cheeks were slightly flushed—his skin dry, and above the natural heat—and his respiration just enough obstructed to make it audible. His father stood for some moments looking down upon his sleeping boy.

"There's nothing the matter with him."

Even as Mrs. Bird said this Willy coughed again, and as he coughed, he raised his hand to his throat and moaned as if in suffering.

"Willy! Willy, dear!"

"I wouldn't disturb him," said Mrs. Bird.

The father's voice had penetrated his half-awakened sense, and, opening his eyes, he looked up with a wondering glance.

"Are you sick, Willy?"

The boy coughed again, and more convulsively, pressing his hand on his chest.

"Does it hurt you to cough?"

"Yes."

"Where?"

"It hurts me right here," his hand remaining where he had placed it a moment before.

The panting of the child showed that there was constriction of the lungs.

"I'm going for the doctor,"—Mr. Bird spoke aside to his wife.

"I hardly think it necessary," objected the mother. "It is only some slight disturbance from cold, and will pass away. This sudden waking has quickened his heart-beat."

Usually Mr. Bird deferred to his

wife in all matters relating to the children, though his judgment did not always coincide with her discipline. But he was too well satisfied that Willy required a physician, now to hesitate a moment on the mother's objection. So he went away in haste.

The physician was far from treating the case indifferently. His practiced eye recognized the symptoms of an acute pneumonia, and his treatment was such as to fill the hearts of the parents with sudden fear.

"If the boy had any constitution—" It was on the fifth day, and the physician was replying to an anxious inquiry made by the distressed mother, all of whose fears were excited. "If the boy had any constitution, I could speak all the encouragement your heart desires. But he is a hot-house plant. All the vital forces are but feebly reactive."

"His health has always been good, doctor," interposed Mrs. Bird.

"He has never before had any serious sickness; but he lacks physical stamina, for all that."

The doctor's words sent a shuddering chill to the mother's heart; while a faint conviction of error dawned upon her mind.

Too surely were the physician's fears realized. At the end of ten anxious days, it was apparent to every one that Willy's hours upon the earth were numbered. The disease preying upon a body which had been denied pure air and invigorating sunshine, found scarcely any thing to oppose its destructive advances. There was no power of resistance in that delicate frame. Without even a struggle for life the contest ended.

In less than a week after the death of Willy there came another summons for the doctor. He found the sorrowing parents in alarm again.—Little Andrew, "the baby," was sick. Sore throat—fever—stupor.

"He hasn't been out anywhere," said Mrs. Bird, "for two weeks." Her meaning was, that having remained shut up in the house during that

period, it was impossible for him to have contracted any contagious disease.

"It would have been far better if you had sent him out every day."

The doctor's words were more an utterance of his own thoughts than a remark to Mrs. Bird. Dear little Andrew! He was a slender, matured, beautiful child, who attracted every eye. His pale, spiritual face, almost shadowed by his broad forehead, gave promise of an intellectual manhood—if manhood could ever be reached. But that was the question which forced itself upon every one but his unwise parents, who, in securing a quiet household, were providing for the deeper quiet of death and desolation.

Delicate, orderly, loving, beautiful children grew up in the stimulating atmosphere of their home, but without strength for the life-battle.

Andrew, "the baby," was carried out by the mourners in less than a week from the time when the doctor sat down by the bed on which he lay, and placed his fingers on the quick, wiry pulse that sent a warning of death to his heart.

"Our children have no constitutions," said Mr. Bird, sadly, as he gazed with dim eyes upon the two delicate blossoms that remained to shed their fragrance in his quiet home.

"They have always been healthy," answered the mother in mournful tones.

"The doctor says that we should give them more fresh air, and a great deal of out-door exercise."

"Jane takes them out walking every day; but I don't see that it does them any good. Agnes always comes home tired and fretful; and Meeta took cold to-day. Neither of them are as well or as happy after these walks as when they remain in the house."

No wonder they were tired and fretful, or showed symptoms of cold, after these daily recreations in the open air. Holding each a hand of their attendant, they would walk slowly as nuns, and orderly as char-

ity children in a procession. There were no hop, skip, and jump—no impulsive start or merry romp—but a strict observance of the last maternal injunction, "Now walk along like good, quiet children."

Weariness, after such attempted recreations in the open air, was an inevitable result; weariness, and something worse. The outside air was different from the air of their homes. It was colder and more humid. To meet this, and derive a benefit instead of sustaining an injury, there must be a quicker circulation and increased bodily warmth. Mere addition of clothing would not accomplish the desired object. There must be quicker movements of the body—vigorous exercise—producing increased vital action.

Daily these half-dead-and-a-live walks were continued, and daily the children came back from them wearied and spiritless, and sometimes with hot hands and feverish breath.

The mother insisted upon it that these daily walks were not good for the children. Mr. Bird, in doubt, called upon their doctor, and submitted the question anew.

"Give them plenty of fresh air and out-of-door exercise;" was his repeated and very emphatic injunction. "If you wish to raise your children, let them have a chance to acquire strength."

And so the daily goings were continued, whether the air was dry or damp, warm or chilling. If it was warm, the children came back wearied; if damp, with symptoms of cold; and always in some way showing a loss of, instead of an increased, vital activity. They were too well-trained, at five and seven, to commit the indiscretion of a romp in the street, and romping in the quiet house they called their home, was a thing never known or heard of by either of the little patterns of propriety. As to vocal efforts, they rarely went beyond a low, humming "Hush-a-by-baby," sung to the waxen-faced doll. No wild, screaming laughter ever des-

ecrated the temple-like stillness of Mrs. Bird's dwelling, unless from the lungs of some badly-trained, visiting child, upon whose strange doings her own little ones gazed in half-stupid wonder. Narrow chests and weak lungs were the natural consequence.

As Willy had died, so died — ere the summer's greenness had faded from the new-made graves of the first departed — Meeta next to him in years.

Only Agnes was left to the stricken parents now. She was pure, and white, and delicate as a lily. That Meeta had been injured by the daily walks in the open air, they were fully convinced; and, notwithstanding the repeated remonstrances of the family physician, they refused to let the fresh breathings of heaven in upon their child.

One day — it was a sunny visitant in the early spring-time, ere the violet opens its blue eyes among the fresh-shooting grass — Agnes strayed from the nursery, and going, beyond the watchful eyes of her mother, gained an open chamber-window, and, climbing on a chair, looked out upon the budding trees and the emerald carpet which Nature had spread over the small plat of ground that lay in front of the dwelling. The window looked to the south, and the air came pressing in from that quarter, bathing the child's brow with a refreshing coolness. She laid her slender arms upon the window-sill, and, resting her face upon her arms, looked out, half-dreamily, and with a quiet sense of pleasure. When her mother found her half an hour afterward, she was asleep.

A robust child might have suffered from some temporary derangement of the system, consequent on checked perspiration; but to one of Agnes's feeble constitution, exposure like this must always be followed with serious consequences. When Mrs. Bird caught Agnes in her arms, a wild fear throbbled in her heart. Alas! it was no idle fear. She soon detected symptoms too well understood, and sent in haste for the doctor.

"Some slight derangement," he said, evasely, to the eager questionings of the mother. But his tones were a death-knell.

Very, very quiet now is the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bird. There is no wild disorder of children there, but a stillness that makes the heart ache. Mrs. Bird resolved in the beginning to have a quiet, orderly home, and she has done her work well. — *Harp-er's Magazine.*

HOW TO TAKE LIFE.

TAKE life like a man. Take it just as though it was — as it is — an earnest, vital, essential affair. Take it just as though you personally were born to the task of performing a merry part in it — as though the world had waited for your coming. Take it as though it was a grand opportunity to do and to achieve, to carry forward great and good schemes; to help and cheer a suffering, weary, it may be heart-broken brother. The fact is, life is undervalued by a great majority of mankind. It is not made half as much of as should be the case. Where is the man, or woman, who accomplishes one tithe of what might be done? Who can not look back upon opportunities lost, plans unachieved, thoughts crushed, aspirations unfulfilled, and all caused from the lack of the necessary and possible effort? If we knew better how to take and make the most of life, it would be far greater than it is. Now and then a man stands aside from the crowd, labors earnestly, steadfastly, confidently, and straightway becomes famous for wisdom, intellect, skill, greatness of some sort. The world wonders, admires, idolizes; and yet it only illustrates what each may do if he takes hold of life with a purpose. If a man but say he *will*, and follows it up, there is nothing in reason he may not expect to accomplish. There is no magic, no miracle, no secret to him who is brave in heart and determined in spirit.

PUNCTUALITY — ITS FRUITS.

THERE are few social blessings of greater value than punctuality. There are few social duties the violation of which causes more real and lasting evil. And, we may also add, there are few qualities that individuals more deeply feel the want of, and the absence of which is more deeply lamented.

As in the first proposition, it is the hinge on which may be said to turn all that includes integrity, stability, and prosperity; so in the second may be said to be involved almost all the constituent parts of good character, whilst formidable barriers are a constant impediment to all successful progress; and in the third we see only the legitimate results of a course of action which no power can entirely prevent, but which may always be proximately but truthfully predicted.

We are all aware of the meed of praise pronounced by the press of this country on the first lady in our land, for her habitual punctuality. Is she going to travel three or four hundred miles? She is ready to start at the moment appointed; and so much has she influenced the managers on the great iron roads, that they bring her to the terminus within a few seconds of the time specified. Has she business of state in hand? We are told that she keeps none waiting, and has produced a salutary fear on all who transact business of state with her, that none will presume to be behind hand in their appointments. Has she, as a wife and a mother, domestic duties which must be attended to, though she be a queen? We learn that never in the history of the court of Britain has there been such an example of domestic purity and household order, as are daily witnessed in the royal palaces of our Sovereign Lady Queen Victoria.

We can not fail to be equally struck at the immense advantage punctual men of business, foremen in the various firms, and heads of house-

holds have over those who are indifferent to the rules of order, and ignorant of the priceless worth of time. Like all other virtues, this one calls forth its various adjuncts, and throws a beaming light upon them, thus setting off, to the admiration of all, what in an opposite character would be hidden, or so neutralized as not to be appreciated.

The sterling honesty of an individual "goes for little;" being clever in penmanship and arithmetic "are not much;" and a pleasing exterior and respectable habits and associations "do n't tell" with the men, of whatever grade, whose object is *progress*, if punctuality be not among them. It is a fact of frequent, we may say, daily occurrence, that punctual persons are preferred, with very slender acquirements, to those who are far superior in necessary accomplishments, but who lack this desired qualification.

If we look around us, we find it is the punctual people who get the money, and keep it; who climb up to station and influence, and remain there; who, against all opposition from fashion and indulgence, train their households and dependents to imitate their example, and fail not in sustaining it; and who are the corner-stones that support the great social fabric, and give the surest guarantee for the security of all.

If we look at the evils arising from failure in meeting appointments, we shall find them unsettling and disturbing, if not overthrowing, affairs in all departments of political, business, social, and domestic life. Many a battle has been lost through the non-appearance of some division of an army at the time specified; many a fortune has been missed by not being present at the moment required; many a "good customer" has been lost, and many a good business has been ruined through broken promises; and many a household is thrown into confusion by the irregular times kept by the heads of families. In all the

above cases we see that the results of a violation of punctuality, as a habit, produce real calamities, and such as can scarcely be remedied.

Those who are the subjects of irresolution or indulgence, are among the first to lament as well as to see the evils arising from this habit of irregularity, and often promise amendment; but in many cases, they "resolve and re-resolve, and remain the same." This habit is not reckoned among the vices, as it is found among the really amiable and excellent as much as among the vicious, so we set it down as an obliquity of character, or as an eccentricity that is not useful. It is oftenest found among those who are styled the "free and easy" sort of people, who have acquired an antipathy against all that appears in their view "cut and dried." Life mapped out in straight lines and squares, and presenting nothing else but the hard lines and *acute* angles, with no graceful curves, is such an abomination to them, that they prefer being what they are. "Extremes meet," says the old proverb; and it is said by some one, "Virtues may be driven into vices." Some make this principle of action the whole sum of life, and, without making the least apology for irregular habits, it may be said that their driving over every thing in their way to keep in their straight line is often to be condemned, for what is gained by the time, is lost by the sacrifice of others. In this imperfect state, all can not run in the same harness, all can not keep the same pace, and though the loiterers must expect to be left far in the rear, there are many who should be helped on, or, at least, helped out of the way, on the score of willingness and brotherhood. Every thing worth acquiring, demands patience in teaching, and, for the sake of weaker ones, the stronger may stay a moment, or slacken their pace, without deviating an inch from the line of progress. But punctuality is such an important principle in all the departments of

human progress, that its apparent hardness to those who do not study it is compensated by its conservative properties. A rock is hard, and will not give nourishment to the tiniest pretty creeper or flower; but it forms a good foundation, affords a good shelter, and takes a prominent place in the works of nature.

How important is this principle to the heads of families. How highly does a punctual mother estimate it. How much time she saves when meals are commenced at the hours appointed, when all her family are in their places at the morning hour; when family worship has not to be hurried or shortened to make up time; and when there is always time enough to prepare for public worship, and never too late to join in its exercises. What an advantage to her children. If not aided by her partner, what patience she requires! Let her go on, and keep in the timely line, gently, kindly teaching him its value, being always ready herself. And if he be not hard as the stone, or blind as the bat in the sunlight, he will be lovingly shamed to follow in her wake, and acknowledge her power by striving to sustain her in her noble course, and by helping her in her arduous and holy duties.—*British Mother's Journal*.

TO YOUNG MARRIED PEOPLE.

THE French have no word into which the English word home may be legitimately translated; yet it is sufficiently evident that many of the French people have the thing without the name, while a large portion of the American people have the name without the thing. There are comparatively few who have an adequate idea of what home is, as an institution. It is recognized as a house, and containing a convenient number of chairs and tables, with a sufficiency of chamber furniture and eatables—a place to eat and sleep in, simply. It is

not unjust to say, that half of the young married people of America have no higher conception of home than this. What they call their homes, are simply boarding-houses, where, for the purposes of economy and convenience, they board themselves.

In my idea, home rises to the dignity of an institution of life, is both an out-growth of life and a contributor to its development. Like all institutions, it has its external form and internal power and significance. Like the church, it has its edifice and appointments, not only, but its membership, its bonds of spiritual fellowship, and its germinal ideas, developing themselves into influences that bear flowers and fruits to charm and feed the soul. It is into the meaning of the word home that I would introduce you first, my friends, and then into the home itself. Marriage is the legitimate basis of a genuine home. A husband is its priest, and a wife its priestess; and it is for you, young husband and young wife, to establish this institution, maintain it, beautify it in its outward form, fill it with all good influences, develop its capacities, make it the expression of your best ideas of intimate social life, and to use it as an instrument of genial power in molding such outside life as may come into contact with it. Its outward form and its internal arrangements should, so far as your means will permit, be the outgrowth of your finest ideas, and the expression of your best tastes, combined with the practical ingenuities which may be rendered necessary by a wholesome economy.

It is not the elm before the door of home that the sailor pines for when tossing on the distant sea. It is not the house that sheltered his childhood, the well that gave him drink, nor the humble bed where he used to lie and dream. These may be the objects that come to his vision as he paces the lonely deck, but the heart within him longs for the sweet influences

that came through all these things, or were associated with them; for the heart clings to the institution which developed it—to that beautiful tree of which it is the fruit. Wherever, therefore, the heart wanders, it carries the thought of home with it. Wherever, by the rivers of Babylon, the heart feels its loss and loneliness, it hangs its harp upon the willows and weeps. It prefers home to its chief joy. It will never forget it. For there swelled its first throb; there were developed its first affections; there a mother's eyes looked into it; there a mother's voice spoke to it; there a mother's prayers blest it; there the love of parents, and brothers, and sisters gave it precious entertainment; there bubbled up from unseen fountains, life's first effervescing hopes; there life took form, and color, and consistence. From that center went out all its young ambitions. Toward that focus return its centering memories. There it took form, and fitted itself to loving natures and pleasant natural scenes; and it will carry that impress wherever it may go, unless it become perverted by sin, or make itself another home, sanctified by a new and more precious affection.

It is in little communities which we call American homes, that the hope of America rests. It is here that subordination to wholesome restraint and respect for law are inculcated. It is here, if anywhere, that the affections receive their culture; that amiable dispositions are developed; that the amenities of life are learned; that the mind and the body are established in healthful habits; that mutual respect for mutual rights is engendered, and here that all those faculties and qualities are nurtured which enter into the structure of worthy character. In the homes of America are born the children of America, and from them go out into American life American men and women. They go out with the stamp of these homes upon them, and only as these homes are

what they should be, will they be what they should be. It is with this in view, that I offer a few suggestions touching the establishment of this institution by you.

Just as soon as it is possible for you to do so, buy a house, the ground it stands on, and as much land around it as your business, convenience or taste may require. A home can never be all that it should be to you and yours, unless you own it. This is doubtless impossible to a great multitude who will read this, but let not such be discouraged. A beautiful home life may be developed, even by a tenant at will; though the security and fixedness of proprietorship are greatly tributary to home's permanent influences. If the home is owned, see that its exterior represents you faithfully. What you can not afford in architecture, you can supply in vines and flowers. The interior should receive the impress of all the order, neatness, taste, and ingenuity that are in you. Your home is the temple of your sweetest human love. It is in this temple that young immortals are born. It is here that characters are shaped into manhood and womanhood—the highest earthly estate. It is here that you are to work out the problem of your lives. It is a place of dignity. Therefore, give it honor, make it beautiful; make it worthy!

All this, however, only relates to the location—the shell of your home. The ordering of its internal life is of still greater importance. The greatest danger of home life springs from its familiarity. Kindred hearts, gathered at a common fireside, are far too apt to relax from the proprieties of social life. Careless language, and careless attire are too apt to be indulged in, when the eye of the world is shut off, and the ear of the world can not hear. I counsel no stiffness of family etiquette—no sternness of family discipline—like that which prevailed in the olden time. The day is past for that, but the day for

thorough respectfulness among the members of a home—the day for careful propriety of dress and address—will never pass. For it is here that the truest and most faultless social life is to be lived; it is here that such a life is to be learned. A home in which politeness reigns, is a home from which polite men and women go out; and they go out directly from no other.

The ordering of a home life is so intimately connected with the treatment of children, that this subject should be treated definitely. First, every child born to you should learn among the first things it is capable of learning, that in your home your will is supreme. The earlier a child learns this, the better; and he should learn, at the same time, from all your words and all your conduct, that such authority is the companion of the tenderest love and the most genial kindness. Play with your children as much as you please; make yourselves their companions, and sympathizers, and confidants; but keep all the time the reins of your authority steadily drawn, and never allow yourselves to be trifled with. It is only in this way that you can keep the management of your home in your own hands, and retain the affectionate respect of those whom you love as you do yourselves.

Again, make your home a happy place—a pleasant place. Much can be done toward this end by beautifying it in the manner I have already pointed out. Much more can be done by providing food and amusement for the minds of your children. These minds you will find to be active, restless, and greedy for new impressions. This restlessness is a heaven-implanted impulse. You have neither the power nor the right to repress it; but it is your duty to give it direction, so far as possible, and to guide it to legitimate ends. You will find one of three things to be true of your children. They will be happy at home, or discontented at

home, or they will seek for happiness away from home. In the ignorance of the nature of childhood on the part of parents, has originated the ruin of millions of men and women. Bursting from an unnatural and irrational restraint, they have rushed from the release of parental authority to perdition; or, allowed to seek their happiness away from home and away from restraint, they have contracted habits which curse them and their parents while they live. So I tell you that the only way for you to save your children, is to make a home so pleasant to them — to provide such grateful changes for their uneasy natures — as shall make their home the most delightful spot on earth — a spot to be loved while they live in it, and a spot to be recalled with grateful memories when they leave it. Profoundly to be commiserated, is that child who looks back upon his home as upon a prison-house; upon his youth as a season of hardship; upon his parents as tyrants. If such a child ever becomes a good and genial man or woman, it will be in spite of a bad home.

I am well aware that the homes of America will not become what they should be, until a true idea of life shall become more widely implanted. The worship of the dollar does more to degrade American homes, and the life of those homes, than any thing — than all things — else. Utility is the God of almost universal worship. The chief end of life is to gather gold, and that gold is counted lost which hangs a picture upon the wall, which purchases flowers for the yard, which buys a toy or a book for the eager hand of childhood. Is this the whole of human life? Then it is a mean, meager, and most undesirable thing! A child will go forth from such a home as a horse will go from a stall — glad to find free air and a wider pasture. The influence of such a home upon him in after life, will be just none at all, or nothing good. Thousands are rushing from homes

like these every year. They crowd into cities. They crowd into villages. They swarm into all places where life is clothed with a higher significance; and the old shell of home is deserted by every bird as soon as it can fly. Ancestral homesteads and patrimonial acres have no sacredness; and when the father and the mother die, the stranger's money and the stranger's presence obliterate associations that should be among the most sacred of all things.

I would have you build up for yourselves and for your children a home which will never belightly parted with — a home which shall be to all whose lives have been associated with it, the most interesting and precious spot upon earth. I would have that home the abode of dignity, propriety, beauty, grace, love, genial fellowships, and happy associations. Out from such a home I would have good influences flow into neighborhoods and communities. In such a home I would see noble ambitions take root, and receiving all generous culture. And then I would see you, young husband and young wife, happy. Do not deprive yourselves of such influences as will come to you through an institution like this. No money can pay you for such a deprivation. No circumstances but those of utter poverty can justify you in denying these influences to your children.

It is to the institution of home, as developed in its best form and power, under the letter and spirit of Christianity, that I point when the socialist approaches me with his sophism, the New-Lights with their loose theories of marriage, and the Infidel with his howl over the basis of American civilization. It is the history of this home, since Christ lived, that is one of the strongest testimonials to the Divine authority. In whatever land, under whatever system, by whatever men and women, the Christian home has been set aside for fanciful inventions, society has degenerated toward or into beastliness. As I have said

before, the hope of America is in the homes of America. If you, to whom I write, will each for himself and herself make these homes the noble institutions Heaven designs they shall be, this generation shall not pass away before the world shall look upon a people the like and the equal of which it has never seen. A generation shall take possession of the land full of dignity, love, grace and goodness, glowing with a patriotism as true as their regard for home is sacred, and showing that the strength of the nation is forged under the smoke that rises from its happy household fires.—*Springfield Republican*.

A WIFE'S JOURNEY.

A TRUE EPISODE OF BACKWOODS LIFE.

SOME years ago, while in Canada, I was returning with two of my relatives from a visit to a friend whose property was situate at the upper end of Lake Simcoe. We had been traveling all day in a canoe, and when evening came, were glad to find a house, on the lake shore, where we might seek shelter for the night; for winter was fast approaching, and our tents would have proved but a sorry protection against the cold, bitter winds that were already sweeping the forest bare of leaves. But within the rude log walls of the lonely farmhouse all thoughts of cold were banished by the huge fire which was blazing up the ample chimney. Welcome and hospitality were matters of course in that region; and our host, a worthy Scot, from Rosshire, received us as cordially as though we had been old friends whom he was delighted to greet once more. Others, beside ourselves, were his guests that night; settlers of both sexes, whom business had drawn to Toronto, whence they were now returning. Their quaint and rustic garments, seen by the bright blaze of the logs, which were piled high on the hearth, wore a

picturesqueness harmonizing well with the tales of backwoods life, to which we listened as we sat there in the fire-light. Rude as was their speech, and unpolished the minds of these men, there was a novelty and yet truthfulness in their ideas, and a vividness in their descriptions, which imparted a double charm to the strange stories of peril and adventure. And the women, too, in their homely diction, painted as forcibly the wild scenes amid which their sex's virtues and affections grow to as strong and healthful a maturity as in the softest atmosphere of domestic life.

Among these narratives was one that impressed me very deeply, from the singularity and wildness of the incidents it embodied.

The severe Canadian winter (so ran the recital,) was drawing to a close, though, as yet, there was no sign visible of the approaching change. The earth was still covered by its spotless mantle, the icicles still glittering on the leafless boughs, and a lonely log cabin that stood on the northwest shore of Lake Huron was so thickly piled with snow, that it might almost have passed for a snow-drift, had not the dark wreaths of smoke issuing from the chimney announced it to be a dwelling.

From the window of this little cottage a woman was looking anxiously across the wilderness for the return of her husband. All day she had been watching for him, and making the many preparations for his coming which love suggests, and which love alone knows how to appreciate. Eight years previously she had left her home and kindred to cross the sea, and lead a life of toil and privation with him amid the Canadian wilds. Together they had labored, and hoped, and feared, had wept over the graves of the children they had lost, and dreamed of a future, blessed in the affection of the child still left to them; and now it was with the yet deeper affection, that years of such companionship produce, that Elizabeth

watched for her husband, who, accompanied by their nearest neighbor, had gone three days since to purchase powder and groceries at one of those isolated "stores" which are found established at intervals along the shores of the great lakes, emporiums of all kinds of goods, which are chiefly bartered for furs or the produce of the land.

The sun had set, and the sky grew darker. How eagerly she looked across the little ice-clad bay on whose borders the cabin stood; but in vain. It soon became so dusk that she could not have distinguished any one. Then, chilled by the night air, Elizabeth closed the door, and drew near the fire, beside which her boy, a child of six years old, tired of asking when his father would come, had sat down to mend a toy.

A few minutes passed; then to her quick ear a step was audible on the trodden snow near her dwelling. Elizabeth sprang toward the door; but ere she reached it, it was opened, and a man entered — but one, and he was not her husband!

She could not ask what had become of him, for, as she said afterward "her very breath seemed to have left her, and her heart stood still." But James Barton saw her dismay, and at once attempted to re-assure her.

"It ain't so bad, Elizabeth. Your man ain't here, but I hope in a little time he'll be as strong and hearty a man as ever he was."

"What has happened to him? For God's sake, tell me!" gasped the trembling wife.

"Why, for that matter, not enough to frighten you so. You see, coming down the hill between Beaver's Point and the Black Creek, Glover fell over a log and broke his leg. I carried him on my back to old Staunton's place, and left him there quite comfortable."

The suppressed anguish with which Elizabeth had listened, broke forth by this time, to Barton's great discomposure.

"Elizabeth! Mrs. Glover! There's a good woman, don't take on so; he's well cared for, I tell you; Staunton's a right good one at mending bruises and broken bones, and it ain't no use crying and fretting so over what can't be helped."

But she was not so to be comforted. The thought of her husband ill and suffering, without her being near to watch and tend him, seemed agony beyond endurance, and her first impulse was to hasten to him. But Barton both opposed and ridiculed the idea. Forty miles in that wild, frozen country! how were they to be trodden by her? It was madness to think of such a thing. And he argued and talked until the thought seemed given up; for Elizabeth's breast was too full for words, and she strove not to controvert the arguments which her heart in its fearless love denied.

But she did not permit her sorrow to let her forget the duties of hospitality. Barton refused, however, to pass the night in her dwelling, despite her remonstrance as to the darkness and the distance to his own house.

"The moon will be up in an hour," he said, "and then what's six miles to a man like me? Kitty and the little ones will be looking out for me, and I don't like making my old woman anxious. Then let me have my supper at once, and I'll be ready to start."

So he took his supper and went his way, after many words of sympathy and encouragement to the sorrowing wife.

When he was gone, Elizabeth did not sit down to lament or weep, but at once began her preparations for the journey, on which she had been resolved from the first moment that she had heard of the accident which had befallen her husband. She knew that fatigue and hardship, perhaps danger, lay in her path; but that could not deter her. She could not sit there grieving idly over her husband's sufferings, in that home which his absence made desolate, while he lay far

away in pain, it might be dying. Her place was by his side, and by God's help she hoped soon to fill it. The thought of her child might have made her waver; but he was strong, and used to running about all day in the snow, careless of fatigue or cold, and could, therefore, withstand them better than a more delicately-nurtured child.

Elizabeth's eyes never closed that night. Yet she rose before daylight, without a feeling of weariness, to commence her journey. The latest stars were still gleaming faintly in the cold pale sky when they left the cottage; the little Harry so delighted with the enterprise, that the knowledge of his father's illness and his mother's serious face could scarcely subdue his pleasure.

By keeping near the lake shore, they could scarcely miss the way; besides, there was Barton's track, which there had been neither wind nor snow-fall to obliterate. All day they traveled onward, pausing only a short time for food and rest; and when the child grew weary, Elizabeth carried him, regardless of being already loaded with a large basket and a bundle; for there was on her an excitement that seemed to render her insensible to fatigue. When evening came, she calculated that about half her journey was accomplished. Another day spent in toiling through the deep snow, and she might hope to look once more on that face, which, rugged and weather-beaten as it was, wore ever a fadeless beauty in her eyes.

She had kindled a large fire of withered branches, and the cheerful blaze radiated heat and light, while it warded off all danger from wandering lynx or bear. Then close by, beneath the arching boughs of some tall trees, she hung a blanket in the form of a tent, within which she soon saw her child sleeping, wrapped in a warm cloak, as peacefully as if in his little bed at home.

For some time longer Elizabeth

sat watching the rising moon as it flooded the whole landscape with beauty, and thinking of the happy hours she had spent in the lonely log cabin among the woods, which were perhaps passed away forever. Then remembering that strength had to be gained for the morrow's exertions, she laid herself down beside the sleeping child.

The next morning was calm and mild, remarkably mild for the time of the year, and there was a delightful softness in the air, at which Elizabeth rejoiced, for it seemed to whisper of coming spring, and she had often heard that hard frosts were unfavorable to the cure of broken limbs. But the change of weather somewhat retarded her own progress, for the snow being softer than on the previous day, rendered her way heavier and more toilsome. Yet, she thought, it was but to walk on more resolutely, and she might still reach her husband that same evening.

As day wore on, a breeze sprang up, blowing strong from the land, making the scene more beautiful as it broke the bright, blue lake—for the center of those vast inland seas rarely freezes—into dancing waves, which shone and glittered in the sun rays as far as the eye could see; and as brightly a large sheet of clear, smooth ice lay flashing and gleaming before Elizabeth, as, having crossed near the extremity of a slender point, she reached the shore of a deep bay. For a moment she hesitated to cross, for she had never been able to tread firmly on what is termed "glare ice," such as now lay in her way, slippery as glass itself. But a glance round the bay, which stretched deep into the land, told her that the circuit would add six or eight miles to her journey, and she hesitated no longer.

What was almost terror to her was delight to the child, who, used to ice in every state, and rested from having been carried the last half hour, could scarcely be restrained from wasting his strength in untimely gambols.

Elizabeth was little skilled in such matters, or she would have known that she was too near the mouth of the bay, especially for that season; but she was half way across, when she perceived that a patch of broken ice lay before her. The next moment a terrific sound, louder, because nearer, than thunder, burst around her, and the ice yawned almost beneath her feet.

Elizabeth did not lose her presence of mind, but at once comprehending the danger, strove to grasp her child and leap with him the chasm, ere it had time to widen. But he shrank back screaming with affright, and before she could clasp him in her arms, it was too late: the violence of the shock had driven the mass of ice which bore them so far from the main body, that she dared not attempt to leap the gap between them. A few minutes more, and the strong current of the lake had caught the ice-raft, and was slowly sweeping it out from shore.

Still, for a while, the hope was strong in Elizabeth's heart that it might be thrown against the firmer ice on the long, tapering needle point, which formed the further limit of the bay. Toward this point the current seemed to bear her steadily, and O, how her heart beat as she drew near it! With her child clasped to her bosom, she stood watching breathless the chances of escape. Nearer and nearer the current bore her to the point, off which lay a large rock. Surely it must, it would arrest the ice-raft which floated so close in shore. Closer and closer it came; another minute, and they might be saved! That minute passed, and the treacherous current had swept the ice-raft free of the rock, and was bearing it out toward the center of the lake, whose waves danced and sparkled around it in mocking gladness.

Elizabeth sank on her knees, with a sensation of agony that was too intense for tear or lamentation. Not of herself she thought, but of the child that lay sobbing and trembling in

her arms, and of the husband who would be left to mourn over their unknown fate, long after the waves would have buried or the wintry winds frozen them to death.

Hour after hour passed by; the white glittering shore faded gradually from view; the little Harry had wept himself to sleep, and still Elizabeth remained on her knees, and prayed in her heart the wordless prayers by which, in our deepest need, we often implore the aid of God. The day ended; and, wearied by exercise, and exhausted by grief, the child slept on, and she was as if alone --- alone on the wide lake, with no land in sight, with no human help within her reach. Above her, the cold, white glitter of the stars; around her, their beams broken into a thousand fragments by the restless waves, which tossed to and fro the lonely block of ice, as though playing idly with a toy, that at their will they might dash to pieces or overturn.

Who can tell the horrors of such a situation? But passive suffering sinks at length under its own weight, until repose brings fresh strength to bear the burden; and when the moon rose, she looked down on the lonely woman sleeping with her child on her bosom, amid the wild waters that murmured and dashed around their perilous resting-place.

Two days and nights wore on. There was no land ever in sight; nothing but lake and sky; not even a water bird to break the death-like solitude. What Elizabeth felt through those long hours of despair, they only who have so felt, can fitly tell. She had to speak to her child of death; to strive to teach his young heart to meet calmly its approach. And then the wonder would come over her in what form death would reach them. Should they, when their scanty stock of food was exhausted, die of hunger on the ice-raft? or would the wind's icy breath chill them into death, or the waves tear them from the ark of refuge?

It was the third morning, when a peculiar brightness on the lake attracted the gaze of Elizabeth, who was eagerly seeking for any change. After a while she perceived it was a mass of ice larger than that on which they floated; but on it was a dark object which moved. Was there then another human being in like extremity with themselves? Soon it appeared that the passenger on the other ice-raft observed them also; for, throwing himself into the water, he swam direct toward them. Elizabeth's heart beat violently with the emotion which almost suffocated her. Mental agony and want — for she had nearly starved herself that her child might have food — had prostrated her strength, and the thought of human companionship, though but in suffering, filled her with a strange joy.

But there was no such companionship for her. As the dark object in the water grew on Elizabeth's gaze, she discovered that it was no human being, but a large bear that was making straight for her floating prison. Long as she had seemed to stare death in the face, the discovery awoke an agony of terror well-nigh as distracting as though it had found them in the midst of life and all its hopes; and wild with terror, she cried aloud and waved her shawl to scare away the animal, if possible. But it was useless; the bear swam steadily to the ice-raft, and clambering on it with a heaviness that nearly overturned it, sat down opposite the defenseless woman and her child.

In a moment Elizabeth regained her composure, together with the strength and energy which a few hours before had seemed deserting her; and placing her child behind her, to shield him from harm, the devoted woman stood confronting the dangerous intruder with all the boldness of a mother's love; for it was the season at which bears grow fierce and ravenous, and she did not know how long he might have been floating on the ice to increase his hunger and

ferocity. But she had heard that a steady look and firm demeanor will sometimes overawe the beasts of the wilderness, and she stood there outwardly calm while her heart was full of terror.

Scarcely did she turn her head, even while striving to soothe the fears of the trembling child; but in doing so once, her eye caught a sight of distant land. A little while ago, and what joy would have rushed over her at the sight! But now, she knew not at what moment her own life or that of her child might become the prey of the powerful beast, that, wearied perhaps by long swimming, still sat there, with the water dripping from his dark, shaggy coat, regarding her with a fixedness that seemed the precursor of some dangerous movement.

After a time, his lengthened forbearance began to inspire her with a sort of courage, and the thought came into her mind that it might be possible to propitiate their terrible fellow-passenger. She had heard of such things being done; and as soon as the idea took possession of her, she drew from her basket a biscuit, almost the last she had, and threw half of it toward the bear.

The animal growled, but not fiercely, as he came nearer to pick it up; Elizabeth's heart sank, and she almost repented her experiment. But he sat down quietly again, and proceeded to eat the piece of biscuit with a satisfaction which re-assured her. When he had finished, she threw him the other half, of which he also disposed quickly, and then sat looking at her in eager expectation. After a little while he shook himself impatiently; and, fearing what might follow, Elizabeth hastily took out another biscuit, which she threw to him likewise.

No sooner had the bear eaten this, than he rose and came toward her with a rolling gait. Harry screamed aloud, and the mother thought that their last hour had really come. But

the bear merely walked up to the basket, out of which he had seen the biscuits taken, and commenced fumbling at it with his nose and paws. In his awkwardness he pushed it every instant nearer the edge of the ice, and presently it rolled off into the water. Then he tried to fish it up with his paws, but it was of no use, and he stood looking at it longingly, as the dash of the waves carried it beyond his reach.

For a moment Elizabeth hoped he would plunge into the lake after it, but the bear had no such intention. As long as the basket floated, he stood watching it; and when at last the weight of its contents caused it to sink out of his sight, he uttered a discontented growl, and once more sat down facing Elizabeth. How she dreaded lest disappointed hunger should wreak its fury upon her and her child! But whether it was that his own danger had somewhat tamed him, or that the gift of the biscuits inclined him to friendliness, the bear manifested no disposition to molest them.

Thus for hours these strange companions remained together on that floating fragment of ice; the anxious woman, the feeble child, and the soulless beast of the forest, alike partakers of the same peril, probably to be sharers of the same fate. Still the land which she had seen grew larger and larger in Elizabeth's sight. At length she distinguished a cluster of islets, toward which the current bore them. As they drew nearer, the bear raised himself on his hind feet, and looked eagerly landward. Then, after a time, he plunged into the lake, and swam to the nearest island, along whose white shore his dark form was soon to be seen rolling. Meanwhile, the current swept the ice-raft past, and the woman and her child were again alone on the blue lake.

What a feeling of relief was even in this! dreadful as was the prospect before them! for all the food Elizabeth had so hoarded had sunk in the

basket, and now she must not only want herself, but see her child hunger before her eyes, and have not therewith to give him to eat. But there came a reaction after the mental strain which both had in their terror suffered for hours. They had no present strength left even for fear, and mother and child were soon sleeping the deep sleep of exhaustion.

It was bitter cold that night; the wind lashed the lake into billows which tossed the ice-raft wildly, and dashed over it as though they would engulf it every instant, and the water froze as it washed over the helpless ones who had no shelter from wind or wave.

The next morning, two men who were cutting wood on the lake shore, perceived a mass of broken ice entangled among some rocks, and on it they found a woman wrapped in thick mufflings, which were encased in ice, with a child clasped tightly to her bosom. The child was still warm; sleep had not with him deepened into torpor; but the woman seemed cold as death. They were at once placed in the wood-sleigh, which bore them quickly to a house, where all that kindness, and the skill gathered by familiarity with such incidents, could do for Elizabeth Glover, was done for her by strangers as promptly and energetically as though she had been of their own kindred. And in a few hours the death-like form was instinct with life, the warm blood flowed through her veins, and she had voice to thank those who at her utmost need had succored her, and the one who was so much dearer than herself. But to one hand, which had been exposed in keeping the wrappings tight over Harry, neither power nor sensation could ever be restored.

Yet Elizabeth, in the depths of her woman's love, felt herself rewarded for all her sufferings. She learned she was but six miles from the house where her husband lay; for the winds and currents, though sweeping her hither and thither, had carried her no

great distance down the lake. And, weak as she was, a few days saw her at his side, to find him, indeed, requiring her presence, though others nursed him carefully; for a violent fever had seized him, and her voice alone had power to soothe him, and only from her would he admit of care and tending.

At length he recovered, to learn and regret, yet bless her for all she had suffered in her desire to watch over him in his hours of pain. And when, years afterward, we heard the tale from Elizabeth's lips, and while every tone told that she had never repented that perilous journey, I saw the rough backwoodsman's eyes dwell on her with a look of deep gratitude and affection, until at last he turned away—I might have been mistaken, but I thought it was to hide a tear.—*Christian Repository.*

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

MRS. C. W. GREENE.

ECONOMY means household law, and applies to the government and regulation of the financial concerns of a family. It is commonly used in the sense of frugality, and has reference to the acquisition of wealth.

Wealth consists of anything which is of value in providing for our wants, or administering to our comforts. Three things are essential to its accumulation, viz: knowledge, labor, and economy; knowledge, to make intelligent application of labor,—labor, to act as the direct agent in its production—and economy, to make a judicious disposition of it when acquired.

Undoubtedly, most people understand these terms and their application, but it by no means follows that they are practically understood or applied. A failure to accumulate wealth, is generally to be attributed to a deficiency in one or more of these essentials. Some possessing the requisite knowledge, do not combine practice with theory; others, through

ignorance, make a misapplication of labor; and others still, fail for want of economy.

* * * * *

Business ought to be planned with reference to the amount of labor requisite to accomplish it, and the probability of being able to command it when needed. People are sometimes induced, through false notions of economy, to attempt too much, without sufficient help to carry out their undertakings, and are thus forced to overtask themselves, frequently at the risk of health and life, or at best, the sacrifice of individual and social happiness. This is wrong, and generally unnecessary, nor is it attended with pecuniary advantage. When too much is undertaken, something is sure to be neglected, and in striving to secure many important things, others, equally so, are lost sight of.

But there is one point which can not be too strongly urged, and that is propriety of developing the physical ability of young members of a family, and turning it to practical account. Children at a very early period should be encouraged, and, if necessary, mildly, but firmly, compelled to direct their exercises a portion of the time in a useful direction. I wish to place particular stress on this point, because it is a common error to repulse their first inexperienced and awkward attempts to render assistance, with harshness and ridicule, which is not only highly injudicious, but absolute cruelty to the sensitive feelings of childhood; and rare indeed must be that disposition which does not become sullen and indolent under such treatment.

A share of labor suited to their capabilities, should be regularly allotted to them, from an almost infantile age. It is better to begin too early than too late, as it is less difficult to form industrious habits, at a period when all habits are unconfirmed, than eradicate indolent ones that have been fostered by time.

* * * * *

Housekeeping, by which is meant everything embodied in the domestic system, is the natural avocation of woman, the art of all arts she should thoroughly understand. This knowledge can only be acquired, as in the case of any art, by application of personal labor to the various details which are essential to the comfort and prosperity of every family. General rules and recipes may aid, but can not supply, the place of experience;—as well might a man unacquainted with navigation think to guide a ship aright as for a woman, ignorant of domestic arts and economy, to expect to guide successfully the welfare of a household;—both are liable, in nautical parlance, to find themselves among the breakers.

It is not the intention to speak disparagingly of that part of education which is designed to develop and elevate the intellect, nor to undervalue those accomplishments which have a tendency to refine and polish, but to show the insufficiency of either, exclusively, to prepare the young for the necessities of life.

That is the most perfect system which happily combines moral, intellectual and physical culture—not overlooking the fact that man possesses a dual nature—having animal as well as intellectual needs, and that it is of the highest importance that these elements of his nature should be developed and elevated harmoniously. Which should take precedence, is indicated by the fact, that labor was the first great ordinance of Heaven; and that nature's laws compel, first, the supply of the physical wants.

The wisdom of the Creator, perfectly comprehending what conditions were best adapted to the higher progression of the race, permitted those disadvantages, which, by making constant demand on the energies of man, and thus keeping in exercise his faculties, should prevent that retrograde into barbarism, which is the inevitable result of inactivity. It is manifestly our duty to assist the designs

of Providence in our behalf,—and to elevate labor to its own proper dignity, as the guardian virtue of all virtues. To do this, we are not only to give our personal influence, but a reasonable portion of *time* and *money*, to the furtherance of such movements as have for their object the encouragement of any branch of productive industry. Much honor is due our Agricultural Societies, for having exerted an extensive and highly beneficial influence in this direction—and for originating a scheme, in the founding of an Agricultural College, which designs to aid in carrying out a thoroughly practical system of education, and from which, under favorable circumstances, we may anticipate the most happy results.

Possessing, as we do, an immense and fertile territory, comprising all earthly climates, and unsurpassed in natural wealth by any portion of the globe—under free institutions—where plenty may ever be the boon of honest industry—and with the example before us of an ancestry whereof we are justly proud—what ought we to expect? What may we not expect, if, as individuals and as members of the body politic, we accomplish the task of reforming those abuses, the disastrous effects of which, from time to time in our national career, have so seriously impeded our progress?

THE OLD MAN'S SUNSET HOME.

BY J. E. L.

“YOUR old chair is very much in the way, grandpa; I wish you could be content to sit somewhere else besides at this west window,” said a dashing-dressed young lady as she swept into the family sitting-room. She had not been long home from a fashionable French school in the city, where her selfishness, at least, seemed to have developed fully as much as was desirable.

"I came here because the sunshine was so pleasant, Sophia. 'Pears to warm up my stiff old limbs better than the fire. I'll give you the place if you want, though."

"The window of your room is a west one; I ought to know, I think, it used to be mine."

"I know it is, Sophy, but it is kind of lonesome up there all alone. Guess I had better go back, though. Grandpa is always in the way now, I am afraid," he said sorrowfully, as he rose to leave.

"Where are you going, dear grandpa?" said a brown-haired, sunny-faced young lady, who just now glided into the room; I have come on purpose to have a visit with you."

"I am going any where to be out of the way, Katy."

"Why, dear grandfather, how can you talk so? No room is so cheerful and sacred in all the house as the one which your presence blesses. What have you been saying, Sophia?" she added, turning reproachfully toward her cousin.

"Nothing in the world worth making such a time about," said the young lady, sweeping haughtily out of the room.

The seat by the window was resumed, and Kate drew a low rocking-chair very near it.

"I have been leaning on this arm till it is all asleep," said the old man. "O! just see, Katy, how my fingers cramp." She did see, and unfastening the white wristband, chafed the thin arm and hand till the customary circulation was restored.

"Thank you, Katy darling, it is all well now. Grandpa's fingers used to be as young and quick as yours. Don't seem so, does it? I don't think your hands are quite so white as your cousin Sophy's, but they are a thousand times prettier, in my opinion."

"Mine have to work, you see," said Kate, laughing; "it would not do for the little folks to go hungry at home, because sister was afraid cook-

ing their dinner would brown her hands. George likes them just as well brown."

"He may well be thankful to get them any way. They are a treasure worth any man's aspirations."

"Shall I read to you, grandpa — I see you have a book open — or shall we talk? I must go home to-morrow, you know."

"To-morrow? I had forgotten that. O, I am so sorry, so sorry!" he said very sadly. "Don't read, Katy; talk, if I can only hear your voice one day longer. You are a ray of sunshine in this house, and you will be in any house you enter. May God bless my child!" he added, solemnly. "I shall be pretty lonesome when you are gone, I know I shall. There won't be any one to talk to, then. Old people love to talk, Katy — Martha is kind to me and makes my room as pleasant as she can, but household cares and company take up all her time, so she can't talk with her poor old father much. Her husband is away attending to his business all day, so I don't see much of him either, and I am sure John and Sophia think me always in the way. I don't want to be a burden to any body, Katy," and a tear filled the mild, dim eye.

"No one could think so, dear, dear grandfather. But I have seen all you mention in my long visit here, and now I have something to propose. No, I have a favor to beg, a request to make, on which my heart is set, and I want an assurance that you will not 'say me nay.'"

"If there is any favor I can do my Katy, she need not be afraid of any nays."

"Well, then, you know that in a few weeks I shall have a home of my own; not a grand establishment like this, but a neat, pleasant cottage, suitable to George's income. Now what I wish to ask is, will you not make us happy by sharing that home with us? George wishes it as much as I, and I am sure you will be happy with

us. The cottage is far more like the old homestead than this splendid mansion. It will only be ten miles away; so you can ride over as often as you choose to see your daughter. Please say yes, grandpa."

Tears filled the old man's eyes again, but this time they were tears of pleasure. "My precious child, you do n't know how much trouble an old man like me would be in a house."

"I do not know any such thing, I assure you, but I do know how much joy and comfort it would be to us, and what a real blessing your society would be, long days, when George's business calls him away from home. Indeed I could not keep house without you, I am afraid; so we will understand that we have settled this point, shall we not?"

"I shall be too happy to go to any place on earth where you are, Katy, even to a strange town. I know most all the old people about you there in Horton, and it will seem enough more like home than this place, which is as strange to me now as it was five years ago, when I first came here. But what will Martha say, Katy? Can you tell?"

"I have talked with her all about it, and she consents, on condition that you ride over often." The kind-hearted girl did not care to tell the eagerness with which the proposal had been accepted, "only for the children's sake," it was clearly to be understood.

And so the arrangements were made, and the month quickly rolled away. The little cottage had received its simple furniture, and the best room in it fitted up for grandfather as nearly like the old familiar home as possible. The light buggy drove over to A. . . ., and a few hours afterward the old man was walking hand in hand with his darling Katy over the establishment, listening with keen delight to all the little details, and at last, comfortably settling down in his easy chair, he talked with his

new grandson over his pleasant home and future prospects, till Katy called them to their tea. Oh, how sweet that simple board appeared, with its snowy cloth and white tea-set; its light biscuit, fresh butter, stewed cherries, and plain cake! The burnished silver and cut glass of the home he had just left never looked half so beautiful, and with a full heart he bowed his silvery head, and asked God's blessing on their evening meal.

An old-time friend was asked in to spend the evening, and a lively conversation was sustained till long after the customary hour for retiring. He seemed ten years younger when he took his place at breakfast next morning.

"Are we too early for you, sir?" asked George; "I was a little afraid we were."

"Not a bit; I never sleep a wink after five o'clock. Early rising is all important to young people just setting out in life, and I am glad you have the habit."

When the meal was ended the morning hymn was sung, an earnest prayer for God's direction and protecting care through the day was offered; then the young physician started on his daily rounds.

"I give the little home into your charge to-day, grandfather. Don't let Katy get lonely or work too hard scrubbing imaginary dirt off the wood-work," he added, with a smile at his wife's scrupulous neatness. "If the gardener should come, could you talk with him a little, and direct about the plan of the garden? Kate does not know much about such things, I believe."

"I should delight to do it," said the old man, a bright smile coming into his face at the idea of his possibly being of any service in the world again; "I was a master-hand at making a garden in my day."

The day was warm and bright, and the old man spent most of it out of doors superintending the Englishman's operations, who listened respectfully

to all his suggestions, and obeyed them strictly. The day's work was most satisfactory on all sides, and when night came, Kate's delicious tea was taken with a relish he had not known for many months, and his sleep was sound and sweet.

All summer long the garden was his pride and pleasure. The care of the beds was assumed by him, and the satisfaction with which he brought Katy the very earliest vegetables of the season, it made the household happy to witness. When George came home at sunset, it was such a source of joy to have him and Katy walk around the beds, and admire the results of his skill and care. Then, too, the neighbors, as they passed, loved to stop a little while, and leaning their folded arms against the paling, talk with the cheery old gentleman about his beautiful garden, and tell him what a "likely, promising young man" his grandson was, and how much the people loved and respected him.

In short, he had just the home he needed to make his old age peaceful and happy. Katy's infinite tact never allowed his mind time for gloom, or for feeding on itself, but would ever, apparently without any effort, start some pleasant train of thought, which would divert it from a melancholy channel. He was loved most deeply and tenderly, and treated with respect and deference due to his years. The sweet country air, and constant sunshine in his breast, made him grow young and hale again, and the sunset of his life was one long, gentle, summer twilight.—*Ladies' Repository*.

WOMAN'S CAPABILITIES.

I ASKED a pleasant-looking German woman in market one cold morning, if it was not hard work to come every morning and mind her stall.

"Oh, yes," was her reply, "'tish pretty cold, but I must do something. I did not use to tend market."

I inquired how it happened that her circumstances had so changed. In her own broken English she told me the following story:

"Me and my husband come from Germany, and on the sea he die, and when me got to St. Louis, me have no monish and four, five children, so I wash, I iron. I do every thing I can do, and I only get bread; den I gets sick—washin' and ironin' too hard for me. So I said, I will go in the country and work garden, and I sells my ironings and every ting, and works some more, and gets twenty dollars, and then I rents of German man one acre of ground, and I spade him, and dig him, and work him all myself—my boy only seven year old then—and I raised lettuce, and beets, and onions, and corn, and every ting, and I make monish. Then in two year I rent two acres, and then my boys and girls help me some, and I make lots of monish. Then in four year I buy the land, and then I builds me a goot house, and two year ago I gets me a husband." She paused, and the smile that played over her face was radiant with content and love.

"How do you get on now?" I asked.

"Oh, very well," she answered; and with a merry twinkle in her eye, she added, "He is the most convenient thing about the house but my new cooking-stove. He spade my ground, and help me get ready for market, and nurse my baby while I comes, for I knows better as he how to sell; I been knowin' so long."

This story impressed me at the time, as showing how much a woman can do by steadily pursuing her outdoor work. This woman could never have made her house and lot by washing and ironing, and keeping her children in the pent-up alleys of a city. With her toil had come the hard hand and the sunburned face; but their accompaniment of health and strength more than compensated for all. Remember, Mrs. Grundy

never says a word when the German woman labors in field or garden, or among her flowers or her berries. Let it be as common for the American woman as the foreigner, and let her take into her earnest life her gentleness and refinement of manner, and spend a portion of her time in cultivating her intellect, and ere long Mrs. Grundy herself will be found, hoe and spade in hand, doing her noble work, and the world will soon be the better for it. Let us ask husband and fathers to spade and prepare ground, if we have

them to ask, or they have the leisure and will to do it; and if we have them not, or the time or inclination is lacking, as I know it sometimes is, let us put our own hands to the work and by our determined efforts bring comfort and health into the home. Women that always wait for husbands to do the work, sometimes lay burdens on them too heavy to be borne.

Let us be careful to do our part in this work of reform, trusting that our efforts will lead men to do theirs.

FRANCES D. GAGE.

EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.

DOWN among the rocks and shelving stones, where the giant cables that hold Suspension Bridge to the cliffs are fastened here and there — where the cedars droop low with their buds over the rocks — where the mulberries hang out their fair blossoms and their ripened fruit at once, bringing back to us, as they always do, their memories of our childhood, enough to make us young again for many a day, — over the plank, into the gangway of the Maid of the Mist, and up amid the breakers. We were a gay, pleasant party, and it was our first trip

Through the tossing, seething caldron,
Where the white sprays hiss and roar, —
Where the wastes of inland waters
O'er the rocks in torrents pour,
Plashing, toiling, hissing, boiling
Twixt the cliffs on either shore.

Where the Mist Maid plows Niagara,
'Neath the white baptismal spray,
Like a troop of hooded pilgrims,
Where the font pours down alway;
And the stiff folds of our garments
Trailed against the bulwarks gray.

Oh, thou ceaseless raging torrent!
With thy white wreath on my brow,
Sprinkled from thy sacred fountain,
Wrapt in wonder mute I bow;
He who holds the mighty waters,
Through their thunder speaketh now.

And the soul lies still and listens,
Hushed to worship, won to praise,
While their anthem and their incense
Toward the skies the torrents raise;

While the bark that stems the waters,
Bears us — bears us in always.

Allie shakes the flaxen hair, and the spray together, out of her eyes, and laughs gaily at the horrid oil cloth garment that divides at her tiny feet, and spreads its amplitude over the deck, and her mother looks down upon her, and knows that her little one will never forget this downfall of the waters, — this christening from the hand of Nature — this first introduction to her Arcana of Wonders. Back again — we are going back from our daring dalliance with the beard of the mighty cataract, and now we are at the foot of the stairs. Up, — two or three at a time; shall we ever reach the top? We thought the last time, we would never try the ascent again, and now we are sure of it. Our party were soon gathered together, all of us

"Underneath the aged oak

That parted from the islet rock;"

and there and then we made merry over the baskets of refreshments we had brought from home with us — making lemonade from the boiling water of the cataract that was as cold as ice — when the ice was added — and talking without screaming, because we were in no wise deafened by the roar of the great fall that "can be heard for twenty miles." The party were young and happy, and we did not see that any of them seemed to have their enjoyment dampened in the least by the presence of so venerable a patriarch as ourself.

RECIPES.

FRUIT AS AN ARTICLE OF FOOD.—The following remarks from the *Central Georgian* are applicable to all places where fruit grows, or is procurable. The idea that fruit is a superfluity, or at most a mere luxury, has too long prevailed. It is as much a necessity as bread, and vastly more important, as a part of our dietary, than flesh-meat.

A Frenchman, who is an agriculturist among us (he is living,) was heard to say, that were we of the South to cultivate and use fruit more as a standard article of food, instead of eating it indiscriminately between meals, we would be all healthier people. We consume too much meat at our meals, neglecting the fruits which a beneficent Providence has blessed us with. "It is not a little astonishing," he says, "that with the immense amount of fruit produced at the South, it does not diminish the consumption of meat and bread." There is no doubt but that the summers of the South would be the healthiest portion of the year, were we to use fruit as the necessary article of food. When we say *fruit*, we do n't mean the *trash* that stands for weeks on the huckster's stalls of the cities; but that which is picked *fresh every morning* from our vines and trees. Most of our fruits abound in sugar, which is nourishing, cooling, and healthy, while the meats consumed abound in oil, which is heating, stimulating, and predisposing to fevers. Some of the healthiest people in the world live in the tropical regions, whose breakfast consists of oranges, pine-apples, figs, or bananas; dinner on melons and raisins; supper on dried fruit with tea or coffee. They have learned to adapt their food to the climate and the wise provisions of Providence, and when we do the same, we will all be *wiser* and *healthier* people; and not so often sending for the doctor for this, that, or other diseases.

Mark what we say, as the fruit season is close at hand: let all that will and can, commence and follow up this rule, and see if our worthy French gentleman is correct or not in his statement.

TOMATO PIE.—Take green tomatoes; turn boiling water on them, and let them remain in it a few minutes; then strip off the

skin; cut the tomatoes in slices, and put them in deep pie plates; sprinkle sugar over each layer, and a little ginger; grated lemon peel, and the juice of a lemon improve the pie. Cover the pies with a thick crust, and bake them slowly for about an hour.

COCOANUT PIE.—Grate the white part, and mix with milk. Let it boil slowly eight or ten minutes. To a pint and a half of cocoanut add a quart of milk, four eggs, half a cup of sweet cream, two spoons full of melted butter, a cracker rolled fine, and half a nutmeg. The cocoanut should cool before the eggs and sugar are stewed in. Bake in a deep plate, in a quick oven.

LEMON PIE.—Boil six fresh lemons in water until a straw will penetrate the skin; then take them out; chop them fine, and take out the seeds; to a pound light brown sugar put a tea-cup of water: let it boil, skimming it clear until it is a nice syrup; then put in the lemon, and set it to cool; cover a shallow plate with pie crust; put in the lemon spread out to nearly the edge; cover with a paste; cut a slit in the center, and bake.

PEACH PIE.—Peaches for pie may be ripe, but not soft; pare them; cut them up, and finish, as directed for apple pies. Unripe peaches may be pared and stewed, as directed for apple tart, and baked in a pie or tart.

VERMIN RIDDANCE.—Half an ounce of soap boiled in a pint of water, and put on with a brush while hot, infallibly destroys the bugs and their eggs. Flies are driven out of a room by hanging up a bunch of the plantain or fleawort plant, after it has been dipped in milk. Rats and mice speedily disappear by mixing equal quantities of strong cheese and powdered squills. They devour this mixture with great greediness, while it is innocuous to man. When it is remembered how many persons have lost their lives by swallowing, in mistake, mixtures of strychnine, ratsbane, corrosive sublimate, which are commonly employed for this purpose, it becomes a matter of humanity to publish these items. House ants ravenously devour the kernels of walnuts and shellbarks, or hickory nuts. Crack some of these, and place them on a plate, near the infested

places; and when the plate is full of the ants, throw the contents in the fire. Cockroaches, as well as ants, are driven away by strewing elderberry leaves on the shelves and other places frequented by these troublesome insects.

FURS, AND THEIR TREATMENT.—The furs of last season are now being resurrected from their places of concealment, and great is the anxiety to learn whether the moth has been "thar." An old furrier gives the following directions for the treatment of furs at this very crisis of their fashionable career, when the dust, smoke, and camphor of the summer have impregnated them, and rendered them unfit for a fresh appearance upon the *pave*, until after they have been cleaned. Here are the directions for that cleaning and restoration necessary:

"Strip the fur articles of their stuffing and binding, and lay them, as much as possible, in a flat position. They must then be subjected to a very brisk brushing with a stiff clothes brush; after this, any moth-eaten parts must be cut out, and be neatly replaced by new bits of fur to match. Sable, chinchilla, squirrel, fitch, etc., should be treated as follows: Warm a quantity of new bran in a pan, taking care that it does not burn, to prevent which, it must be actively stirred. When well warmed, rub it thoroughly into the fur with the hand; repeat this two or three times, then shake the fur, and give it another sharp brushing until free from dust. White furs, ermine, etc., may be cleaned as follows: Lay the fur on the table and rub it well with bran made moist with warm water; rub until dry, and afterward with dry bran. The wet bran should be put on with flannel, and the dry with a piece of book-muslin. The light furs, in addition to the above, should be well rubbed with magnesia, on a piece of book-muslin, after the bran process. Furs are usually improved by stretching, which may be managed as follows; To a pint of soft water add three ounces of salt—dissolve; with the solution, sponge the inside of the skin (taking care not to wet the fur,) until it becomes thoroughly saturated; then lay it carefully on a board, with the fur downward, in its natural disposition; then stretch as much as it will bear, and to the required

shape, and fasten with small tacks. The drying may be quickened by placing the skin about six or eight feet from the fire or stove.

CEMENT FOR MENDING BROKEN VESSELS.—To half a pint of milk put a sufficient quantity of vinegar, in order to curdle it; separate the curd from the whey, and mix the whey with the white of four eggs, beating the whole well together; when mixed, add a little quick lime through a sieve, until it acquires the consistency of a paste. With this cement, broken vessels or cracks can be repaired; it dries quickly, and resists the action of fire and water.

PRESERVING APPLES.—If apples are carefully packed in hard wood sawdust, (how it would be with pine, we know not,) they will keep in an open garret through our coldest winters. This we have tried, and we know it for a certainty. But in packing, care should be taken that none of the apples touch the barrel, nor each other. We have had them open in fine order, when thus packed, long after those in the cellar were rotten, or so withered as to be useless.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—A good buckwheat cake is a good thing—a poor one is detestable. For the benefit of all housewives, we republish the receipt for the former kind of this indispensable article of diet in the winter months: To every three bushels of buckwheat add one of good, heavy oats; grind them together as if all was buckwheat. Thus you will have cakes always light and always brown, to say nothing of the greater digestibility, and the lightening of spirits, which are equally certain. He who feeds on buckwheat may be grum and lethargic; while he of the oatmeal will have exhilaration of the brain, and contentment of the spirit.

FOR GOOD APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Prepare the crust as for soda biscuit, with a small piece of butter rubbed into the flour; one tea-spoon salt; one and a half tea-spoon soda; sour milk sufficient that the paste be not too stiff; roll out to nearly an inch thickness; lay in the apples, fold over the crust, wrap carefully in a cloth, and place in a steamer; boil one hour. It will be found a decided improvement on the old way of immersing in water.

ANOTHER.—Fill a tin dish one-third full of quartered apples, cover with warm water; take bread dough, raised with yeast, and roll in butter or lard twice; cover over the apples about one inch thick; put on a tight cover, and set on the stove and boil half an hour, and you will have a light pudding.

ANOTHER.—Use either of the above rules, and bake them; taking care that the crust is not too hard baked. Serve with sweet gravy.

TO REMOVE MILDEW.—Take a piece of chloride of lime, about the size of an egg, dissolve it in cold water, and soak the garments in it a few hours, occasionally rubbing the spots of mildew. Try it.

CREAM PIES.—One cup cream; one sugar; two eggs; half tea-cup vinegar; large tea-spoonful spice. Bake between two rich crusts. This will make two excellent and cheap pies.

REMEDY FOR DIARRHEA AND SUMMER COMPLAINT.—Take a spoonful of rennet, prepared as for making cheese, put it in a tumbler of new milk, and drink it immediately. Repeat this three times a day till cured.

WHITE MUSCADINES.

Under the beautiful October sky the flowers of the early autumn shed their glory over the garden, and show no shadow of sorrow that the summer days are gone. We wonder if anybody anywhere has handsomer Verbenas than ours. And we wonder where there is another bed of Petaneas so abundant in bloom, and so remarkable in size as the one yonder by the rock-work. Then there are the scarlet Geraniums, and the Dahlias, and the scarlet Morning Glories, (Ipomea) that shake their dewy bells with such a glow of beauty at the rising of the sun. There may be those who possess finer flowers, but we believe there are none more thoroughly enjoyed. Yonder—just over against the frame that holds those unknown German grapes, are the WHITE MUSCADINES

sent us from *New Lebanon* last spring. They have been growing finely all the summer, and we hope good things of them one of these days—most certainly if the grape seasons continue as good as the early-ripened clusters are showing this year. The “Mountain-Seedling Gooseberry” that came in the same box, has suffered with the other gooseberries and currants from the ravages of the currant moth, and we think would have been totally demolished, if it had not possessed originally an abundance of life. Our garden shows a long line of currant and gooseberry bushes, stript to the skin by this unwelcome devastator. Yet we would be much better satisfied with its present ravages, if we were quite sure it would not call again next spring.

OUR LAWTON BLACKBERRIES.

The blackberry vines we received from Mr. Lawton are still flourishing just beyond the peach trees that drop no fruit this year. We find abundant praises of these berries in all the horticultural papers, and we say again to our friends, cultivate all the small fruits you can, and do not take up space with poor varieties, but get the best there are.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE FARM; A MANUAL OF AGRICULTURE. New York: FOWLER & WELLS.

We have received another of this series of handbooks from the publishers, and should judge that it was quite equal to the others in point of merit. “The Garden” we consider very good for a pocket manual, supplying in a condensed form the place of larger works, and from the slight examination we have made, we should think “The Farm,” also, would be a valuable book of reference to those who lack more extended sources of information. We believe the day has gone by when people scoff at book-farming, and that every one is glad to obtain such information as has been hoarded by those who have gone before, or who have found their sources of knowledge more extended.